

SPECIAL:
Senator Tower
on Goldwater's Chances

35 CENTS

CDC

DECEMBER 31, 1963

NATIONAL REVIEW

*A Journal
of Fact and
Opinion*



Merry Christmas



**Spare
Me The Rods**
ALOISE B. HEATH

**At Home
with Sir Alec**
COLM BROGAN

Also In This Issue:

AN UNPUBLISHED ESSAY BY GEORGE SANTAYANA ♦ G. WILLS ON
TWO COUNCIL BOOKS ♦ BUCKLEY, BURNHAM & KIRK ♦ LEONARD
ON O'HARA ♦ AND RUSSELL ON THE GOOD KING WENSLUS-SLUS

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Review, Inc., at 163 Pratt St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.). © National Review, Inc. 1963. All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undeliverable copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES

National Review
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

RATES: \$16.00 a year (\$9.00 for the 36-page issues, and \$7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add \$1.00 for Canada, \$2.00 for other foreign subscriptions. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

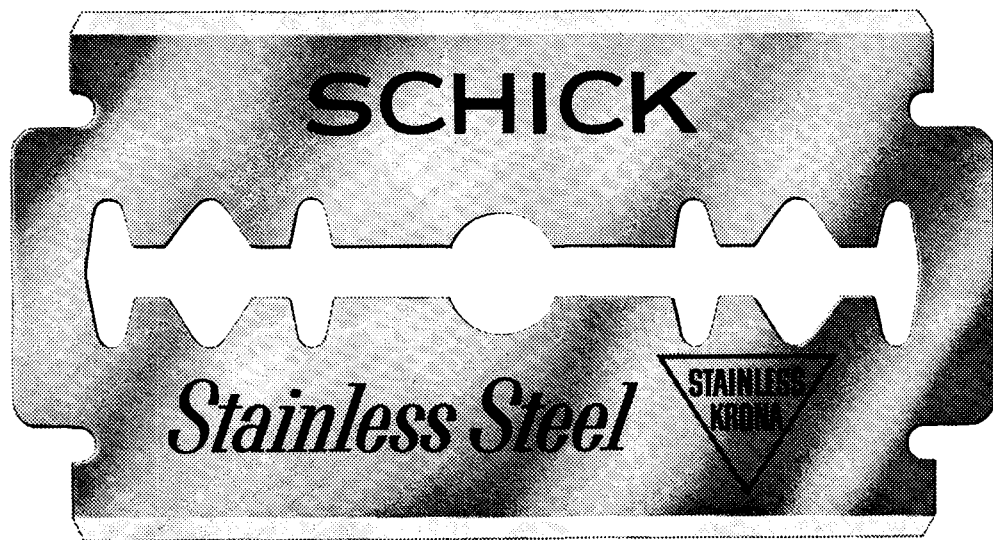
In This Issue . . .

→ which will reach you a day or so before Christmas—which we pray will be a merry and holy one for every one of you—we feature a think-piece and an entertainment, appropriate holiday fare. The first is a short essay, never before published, by **George Santayana**, who if he were alive would this year have celebrated his 100th birthday. It is about religion, or at least the kind of religion Santayana more or less understood. Religion, he maintained, is the world's prime necessity, because "life is a spontaneous, rude, ignorant ambition: a blind self-assertion big with every sort of self-contradiction, agony, and crime." The moving statement is introduced by a long-time student and enthusiast of Santayana, **Russell Kirk**. . . **Aloise Heath**, who discharges her traditional obligation to deliver a piece at Christmastime, writes about the new system for teaching very little children the rudiments of mathematics. The system is rather more complicated than mathematics, which is why she asks to be Spared The Rods—and wonders if there is any hope left for teachers? . . . From London, **Colm Brogan** writes a hilarious character portrait of Sir Alec, who if he were not busy serving Her Majesty as First Minister, certainly should be stuffed and preserved at Madame Tussaud's. Mr. Brogan, not an easy man to fool, is serenely optimistic about Mr. Home's forthcoming political performance.

→ **Wm. Buckley**, riled by the continuing effort to exploit the President's assassination, wonders just how much the Liberal-Left really hates Hatred. . . **James Burnham** draws some distinctions both sides frequently ignore arguing the question of foreign aid. . . And **Russell Kirk**, pleased as punch, reports the appearance of a few very useful textbooks.

→ Senator **Tower** reviews Ralph de Toledano's book, *The Winning Side*—a program for victory for the Republican Party under the leadership of Senator Goldwater. Senator Tower is all for it. . . **John Leonard**, a former NR editorial assistant who turns canary for *Monocle* in the current issue ("Confessions of a NATIONAL REVIEW Contributor"), reviews the recent collections of Nelson Algren, Caroline Gordon, and John O'Hara. Mr. Leonard's more extended confessions will soon appear as his first novel, and he is at work on his second. . . **Garry Wills**, whose book, *Politics and Catholic Freedom*, will be published in the spring by the Henry Regnery Company, with an introduction by Will Herberg, reviews, or rather exposes, one very silly book about Vatican II (Kaiser's), and another rather interesting one (Rynne's). . . And **Francis Russell** says *don't* go to Beacon Hill for the Spirit of Christmas, but if you are in search of the real thing, call him up, and he will sing for you the first two verses of Good King Wenslus-slus, just the way Miss Sykes taught it to him at the Martha Baker School, back in the good old days. →

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The WEEK

● Sign of The Times:

(Two headlines, *New York Times*, December 11)

1. UN GROUP BACKS

APARTHEID STAND

Plans to Fight South African
Racism Draw No Dissent

2. 4 SILENCED IN UN

IN PROTEST ON GOA

Committee Restricts Debate
to Portuguese Colonialism

● As near as we can determine, the grand imbroglio over the story about Dwight Eisenhower's inviting Henry Cabot Lodge to enter the GOP Presidential primaries can be traced back to Lodge, not to Ike. To reconstruct the crime: Lodge, U.S. Ambassador in Saigon, called Ike from Saigon and talked about politics. Ike said something—just enough—to give Lodge a peg to hang his side of the story on. Lodge then called New York, and the *New York Times* broke the story (dateline New York) that Ike had “asked” Lodge to enter, and Lodge was “flattered.” Whereupon Ike said he hadn't done any such thing. Whereupon Lodge quietly returned his attention to what's left of South Vietnam.

● On December 14 President Johnson extended formal recognition to the military-installed, anti-Castro governments of the Dominican Republic and Honduras, and thereby cleared out one of the absurdities left over from his predecessor's regime. He has not yet, however, begun to clear out the left-over ideologues, who, having lost this battle, plan to continue the war: by delaying as long as possible the appointment of ambassadors, renewal of normal relations and resumption of military and economic aid.

● Aw, poor U Thant, it's, uh, no damn fun, er, to be a visionary in, oh, a corrupt world, eh, U? And what a corrupt world it is, frustrating visionary moralists. Take Burma, for example. Dictator Ne Win nationalizing everything his army can steal, people hungry, people ragged, people illiterate, rebellions all over the place, left-wing terror, religious persecution, everybody angry at Ne Win—why, with a world full of Burmas, how can rational men even consider a civilized forum at which mature nations can meet peacefully to settle their differences and to cooperate internationally to immanentize the eschaton? So what keeps the UN alive? And what keeps U Thant grimly

at his moribund post, moralizing, moralizing, moralizing to all the world, when he could so easily say to hell with it and go home to Burma?

● Why did the United Nations decide to suppress the report of its investigating committee on the question of the persecution of Buddhists in South Vietnam under the regime of President Diem? The reason given was that the coup in Vietnam made the inquiry academic. That reason is insufficient to deny the world the fruits of an investigation already undertaken, which could tell us things we continue to need to know, even after Diem is dead, on such subjects as whether the Buddhist protests were spontaneous, or whether the Buddhists permitted themselves to be manipulated by political enemies of the Diem regime and, *a fortiori*, of the United States.

● West Berliners will, after all, thanks to a long official haggle, enjoy the “privilege” of visiting their families in East Berlin during the Christmas and year-end holidays. The suggestion of issuing visas originated with the Communists and was automatically reported as an example of Communist willingness to ease tensions. Quite the contrary: the Communists clearly hoped to use the pressure of the traditional German longing for family reunions at this time of year as a weapon to force the Bonn government to sign something official enough to be used as an excuse for claiming that the Soviet zone had been granted *de facto* recognition. Hence the long negotiations. Now both sides can claim they have not abandoned principle, and a handful of German families will be reunited for a day. But there are 17 million Germans in Soviet clutches east of the barbed wire, and 365 days in the year when they'd like to be in touch with the world.

● In its post-assassination piece on Texas (*le royaume des racistes et fascistes*) *Le Monde*, France's leading newspaper, commented that President Eisenhower's very favorite song was *The White Rose of Texas*. A Texan has loftily commented that General de Gaulle's favorite song is *La Martiniquaise*.

● The Pope's precedent-shattering mission to the Holy Land is another dramatic indication of the Vatican's commitment to Christian reconciliation. That both Protestant and Catholic leaders consider ecumenical understanding a real objective rather than a token gesture is borne out by indications that Catholics in Great Britain may next year be permitted to choose between the long-standard Douay English Version of the Bible (translated from the Latin Vulgate) and a special edition of Protestantism's Revised Standard Version (based on the Greek and Hebrew manuscripts).

● Kenya began its career as an independent nation with a key point of her national structure already enveloped by the Communists. Jomo Kenyatta's government some time ago set up the framework of a single, centralized, government-owned news agency for press, radio and TV. The Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia have provided the equipment, and operation has begun with a mixed crew of Czech and Soviet technicians plus native Kenyans trained in Czechoslovakia. On the day after independence, relays of radio news from the British Broadcast Corporation were stopped. It is likely that the dissemination of news for all East Africa will soon be under Communist domination.

● Eight Negroes sat in a restaurant. One of them asked a white girl at the next table if she'd like to dance. The eight Negroes were assailed by whites and rushed out of the restaurant; one Negro was beaten so severely he had to be taken to a hospital; the Negroes were taken into custody by the police. The whites were not bothered by the police. It all happened on November 9. In Prague.

● Nowhere is where the authorities have gotten in their attempts to question Col. Antoine Argoud, the *Algérie Française* leader whom French secret service agents kidnaped in Munich last spring, and then smuggled into France. The reason is that Argoud keeps on insisting he isn't *there*, which is to say that he isn't where he is, which is, in actual fact, in the Santé prison in Paris. Legally, he maintains, he is in Munich. And to every question his answer is the same: "How can I answer? I am in Munich."

LBJ at the UN

The new President of the United States gave a speech at the closing session of the General Assembly which—which, to quote Randall Jarrell's reaction to another speech, you had to hear it, not to believe it. It is only 1,500 words long, yet managed to exemplify almost every shortcoming in modern Liberal expression: vagueness; pretentiousness; inelegance, rhetorical and intellectual. It did not come near to rivaling the more or less disciplined indiscipline of Mr. Kennedy's lofty bombast. Its reliance on the cliché must have affronted even the UN professionals, who preside over the greatest cliché-distillery the world has ever seen. The disappointment is less keen if we can assume that Mr. Johnson is still dominated by his predecessor's torque. Can we hope that he doesn't mean what he says? Can we assume that he doesn't understand what he says?

¶*"We are more than ever opposed to doctrines of hate and violence in our own land and around the*

world." What evidence is there of any purposive opposition to such violence? Has Mr. Johnson taken steps to oppose the projected violence against South Africa? Against Angola and Mozambique? Against the Yemen? Against Malaysia? Against South Vietnam and the free corners of Laos? What does he have in mind when he speaks about native violence? The violence, sometimes physical, always moral, of the Communists? What then will he do to rehabilitate the Anti-Subversion Law which, the morning he spoke, was more or less held inoperable by the courts?

¶*"We are more than ever committed to the rule of law—in our own land and around the world."* What does Mr. Johnson know about the rule of law? If he is in favor of the rule of law, why does he catechize the Congress for seeking to formulate legal qualifications for recipients of American foreign aid? Why has he not aligned himself with those who, knowing what the rule of law is, have steadfastly resisted assaults upon it by the growth of administrative government and executive omnipotence?

¶*"More than ever we support the United Nations as the best instrument yet devised to promote the peace of the world and the well-being of mankind."* Since the day the United Nations was formed, hundreds of millions of people have been tyrannized over and enslaved, the cost of keeping a bare world peace spirals upwards; and the revolutionists press their war on every front. What has the United Nations done to contain them? Are we, under the continuation of the New Frontier, going to speak about the exciting possibilities of the creative imagination, and yet continue to pay reactionary homage to a world body which has so signally failed us? If the UN is our best hope, are our hopes worth a tinker's dam?

¶*"Our understanding of how to live with one another is still far behind our knowledge of how to destroy one another."* Apart from that statement's clear and present objectionability as a cliché, it is awesomely incomplete and distorted; because it fails to make the critical distinction. We Americans have very little difficulty in living with other people. The difficulties that fomented the cliché in question are difficulties that arise as the result of the inordinate revolutionary appetites of the Soviet world plus our inability to cope with them—an inability which, as much as from any other cause, derives from our reliance on non-thought, in place of philosophical orderliness and strategical intelligence.

¶*"We have seen too much success to have become obsessed with failure."* Meaning? Ted Sorensen hasn't been fired. Absolutely nothing else.

¶*"The peace-keeping machinery of the United Nations has worked in the Congo, in the Middle East, and elsewhere."* Bad history. What has kept the peace in the Middle East, during those infrequent periods when it obtains, has been American power, pure and

THE LAST LAUGH



simple. The Congo is still convulsed. Tshombe never threatened the peace there, he threatened only instability. The Congo, with the UN's acquiescence, has become a mass staging area for a fresh interruption of the world peace in Angola.

"The great transition from colonial rule to independence has been largely accomplished." What can he have in mind? Has the President been reading a Soviet atlas? The colonialist grip is stronger than ever before in vast areas of the world, stretching to within 350 miles of Cape Kennedy. Is it a function of the President of the United States to adopt Soviet terminology when using the word "colonialism"?

"When I entered the Congress of the United States 27 years ago, it was my privilege to work closely with a great President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. As a member of Congress, I worked with him to bring about a profound but peaceful revolution . . . Now, on the world scale, the time has come, as it came to America 30 years ago, for a new era of hope . . . I am speaking of a higher standard of living to be inspired by these United Nations." These United Nations, distinguished by rampant ideology, by ferocious national pride, by moral cowardice in the face of Soviet

threats, could only inspire those who continue to believe that President Roosevelt, under whose domestic policies the depression flourished, and class warfare became an American trait, under whose international policies the Soviet Union emerged as the demiurge of half the world, was a national blessing. Like Mrs. Roosevelt, the new President evidently has taken on the world as his own personal slum project.

"And finally: *"If there is one commitment more than any other that I would leave with you today, it is my unswerving commitment to the keeping and the strengthening of peace."* If that is the President's "one commitment more than any other," then he is logically committed to asking Congress to abolish our armed forces, whose mere existence is a mutinous affront against any such commitment. If our commitment is first to peace, and only then to the freedom and survival of this country, then Lyndon Johnson, in three weeks, has accomplished the profoundest revolution in American history.

The chances, as we say, are that he knows not what he says. And the chances are very good that no one very much is listening, that if he had spoken in Sanskrit nobody much would have noticed, except maybe that little old lady in Johnson City who keeps telling the press what a good student little Lyndon was. But some people, perhaps, were listening to this very loose talk, and in their behalf it is relevant to quote Hilaire Belloc: "We sit by and watch the Barbarian, we tolerate him; in the long stretches of peace we are not afraid. We are tickled by his irreverence, his comic inversion of our old certitudes; but our fixed creeds refresh us; we laugh. But as we laugh we are watched by large and awful faces from beyond: and on these faces there is no smile."

Operation Bulldozer

It is natural enough that complaints should be trumpeted forth from Congress against Secretary Robert S. McNamara's announcement that thirty-three installations now operated by the Department of Defense are to be shut down. Members of Congress, no matter what their theories, have got to listen to the wails of voters; and the voters in areas surrounding the doomed installations are doing plenty of wailing as they foresee the drying up of local sources of money and jobs to which they have been long accustomed. But this time Mr. McNamara is right on all counts. We hope he will push through to his objective over every obstacle and trap—including those traps that may be laid by his wily commander, for whom, one may suspect, this shutdown program may be primarily a squeeze on Congress, designed to yield one of the famed Johnsonian com-

Focus on

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political powers in the state, asking how they'd feel if Nixon . . . oops, sorry: Nixon isn't running, is he? But if Nixon does enter the New Hampshire primary, he'll make it a four-way race unless Rockefeller cuts it back to three. Rocky's ambassadors have visited Senator Margaret Chase Smith's office to ask if she really wants to enter the New Hampshire primary after all; and it is said that Governor Rockefeller, if he has a mind to, can dispense of very attractive inducements.

◆ Paul Hugus, GOP chairman of Allegheny County (Pittsburgh), Pa., is one of the top leaders of the Gold-water movement in his state, and Governor Scranton has reacted—by cutting off Hugus's patronage (that's

◆ New Hampshire, anybody? Sources *very* close to Richard Nixon say he has one of his men checking around with some of the po-

the way the local papers headlined it). Pennsylvania insiders report that Hugus will stick to his guns, if one is permitted the metaphor.

◆ General Dwight D. Eisenhower failed to vote in the last election. Tired of meaningless choices between Tweedledee and Tweedledum Liberals?

◆ In the general political fall-back and regroupment, some faces may change in the congressional hierarchy. More and more House Republicans are growing dissatisfied with the non-leadership of Charles Halleck, who is crossing the aisle to play the Administration game with disconcerting and even peculiar frequency.

◆ And, whether it's the "problem of the succession," or something more intramural, there's plenty of conversation to be had on the question of Rep. John McCormack's continuing as Speaker. McCormack didn't particularly enhance his position with the answer he gave a reporter who asked him if he was going to resign. "I'm amazed," he roared. "Just amazed, that you can ask that. Are there no limits to decency?"

promises (or deals, as they are called in Texas). We hope, indeed, that these are only the first entries in a list that will soon grow much longer.

None of these thirty-three installations is performing a unique and essential military mission. They are auxiliary, logistic, repair, training, and administrative operations, in many cases largely obsolescent. The specifically military part of their work will be absorbed by other existing units. Much of what they have been doing is more civilian than military in nature, and many thousands of their employees are in fact civilians. At least some of this civilian work is to be shifted to civilian firms.

Thus Mr. McNamara's plan recommends itself as: a) cutting defense costs; b) increasing efficiency; c) getting soldiers out of civilian jobs where professional soldiers have no business anyway; d) transferring civilian work from government to private enterprise, where it belongs.

It is said that fierce preliminary opposition forced Mr. McNamara to omit the names of several of the Navy shipyards that are also marked for burial. We look forward to their early addition. A recent study has shown that shipbuilding and repair costs in the Navy shipyards are from 18.7 per cent to 40 per cent higher than in private yards—about \$70 million more for a large carrier, for example. It's an expensive way to solve the unemployment problem. As a fighting force the Navy could only gain by cutting bureaucratic fat of that sort out of its system. While he's at it Mr. McNamara might take another look at the Army's gun arsenal at Springfield, Illinois and that rope factory of the Navy at Boston. Both have been obsolete for about 150 years.

We're All Coexisters Now

Something seems to be stirring on the eastern front. First there leaked from the State Department a story that Washington would like to do what it can to patch up the quarrel between Moscow and Peking; the quarrel, it seems, is a prime source of those tensions that Washington is so anxious to relieve—even when, as in this case, it is the Communist powers that are tensing with each other.

Then on December 13, the State Department sent Roger Hilsman, Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs, out to San Francisco to talk to the well-known Commonwealth Club about Communist China. Mr. Hilsman explained to the leaders of the West Coast there assembled that "there is no present likelihood that the Communist regime will be overthrown." He permitted himself a ponderous optimism about "the second echelon—the young men." "There is some evidence," he found, "of evolutionary forces at work in mainland China."

Mr. Hilsman went on to discuss "the apparent differences in the policies which we are adopting toward the Soviet Union and toward Communist China." Toward the first, we are getting cozy and "are willing to broaden contact," the Soviet leadership having "absorbed certain lessons from its more extended development." But we don't at all despair, either, over "our long-term relations with Peking." By waiting around a while in "a constant readiness to negotiate," we will "best promote the changes that must take place on the Chinese mainland . . . when the Chinese regime will"—be overthrown? abandon Communism? don't be utopian—will "eventually forsake

its present venomous hatreds [and] rediscover the Chinese virtues of tolerance for a multitude of beliefs and faiths.”

So the softening up begins. See you next year. In Peking?

How It Might Have Been

On December 17, under the heading, “Lesson From an Assassination,” the *New York Times* editorialized:

“In his Thanksgiving appeal to the nation, President Johnson said: ‘It is this work that I most want us to do—to banish rancor from our words and malice from our hearts—to close down the poison springs of hatred and intolerance and fanaticism. . . .’

“Already, however, there are painful signs that special interest groups will fasten on the assassination as a means for fostering, rather than moderating, appeals to irrationality and hatred. One such sign was the full-page advertisement placed in the *Times* on Sunday by the John Birch Society charging that Mr. Kennedy had been murdered by a Communist ‘acting under orders. . . .’

“President Kennedy’s death will, indeed, have been in vain unless it brings to every citizen of this democracy a new and heightened awareness of the need for expressing political differences without suggest-

ing that all who disagree are imbeciles or traitors. . . .”

As we mused on these judicious words, we found our typewriter tapping out the *Times* editorial there might have been on December 17, if the assassin had been a sympathizer of the John Birch Society:

“A letter from the Rev. Harold Bannerman, printed elsewhere on this page, argues that because the assassination of President Kennedy was a purely individual act, public discussion of it should avoid linking it to the ideas and activities of any organization with which the assassin is known to have sympathized. While we respect Dr. Bannerman’s motives, we believe that in reaching this conclusion he has failed to take into account the essential facts bearing on this most infamous crime of our century. The assassin was not a sympathizer of merely ‘an organization,’ but of the John Birch Society. As every decent citizen of this democracy knows, the John Birch Society has had no other purpose since its foundation than to sow hatred, intolerance and fanaticism throughout the fabric of our society. Who sows the wind must reap the whirlwind.

“From a narrowly legalistic point of view, it may be necessary to describe the shooting as ‘a purely individual act,’ but this utterly fails to reveal the true meaning of what has happened. Whether Robert Welch or a secret commission of the Society’s directors explicitly ordered Leigh Osmond to fire the gun is beside the point. It is their ideas, their doctrine, their hatreds, their program that inspired and caused the act just as surely as if they had stood beside him with truncheons. And their guilt is shared by every reactionary, every racist, every fanatic who has contributed one cent to the Birch Society or any one of its hate-ridden fellow organizations of the Extreme Right, or has helped spread any of their foul and corrupting ideas.

“The assassination of the late President may yet prove the salvation of this country if it teaches us that the exercise of the right of free speech is not identical to the abuse of free speech, and that the time has come to rid the body politic of this deadly poison, so that we can move forward together in true tolerance, without hatred, rancor or bitterness.”

Leading Up to What Chief Poto Told Chief Rusher

There is nothing so curious as the desire to impeach all efforts by those we disagree with to make progress even along lines we ostensibly encourage. Consider the South Africans. They are dedicated to a program of “separate development,” in pursuit of which the government is pledged to contribute great tracts of



IN THE NEXT ISSUE

◆ *RIEFENSTAHL AND EISENSTEIN:
DOUBLE STANDARD AT WORK*
by Arnold Berson & Joseph V. Keller

◆ *THE HEISTERS' DAY IN COURT*
by James J. Leff

land, the most conspicuous one of which is the Transkei. In these territories all-Bantu governments, and an all-Bantu economy are supposed to emerge, as a part of a move to give the blacks their own country, and the rights they are deprived of in adjacent areas owned and colonized by the British and the Boers.

Quite apart from whether the so-called Bantustan policy is ultimately feasible, a great deal depends, in our evaluation of South African intentions, on whether there is a sincerity of purpose there. In recent months the South Africans have taken concrete steps to commit the Transkei to self-government, but the critical press, e.g., *Time* magazine, misreads the events, in a way to encourage the impression that the whole business is a charade.

We quote a letter to *Time* from Mr. Rusher of this magazine:

Dear Sir:

Your brief article on South Africa in the December 13 issue of *Time* continues your tragic policy of poooh-pooing the deadly earnest effort of the South African Government to create independent, self-governing Bantu nations. In the bargain, you are missing a wonderfully hopeful and interesting story.

No doubt reasonable men can and do differ over the soundest economic course for these "Bantustans"; but your description of the leading Bantu personalities and their policies is little short of grotesque. It is bitterly unfair to dismiss the idealistic Chief Kaizer Matanzima, a law school graduate long trained in the leadership of his people, as merely "a black racist." Nor is it accurate reporting to say that the new Bantu legislature of the Transkei has "64 members appointed by the government and only 45 deputies elected by the voters." The "64 members appointed by the government" are in actuality the 60 chiefs and 4 paramount chiefs of the Transkei, whose rank is hereditary. Without their consent and participation, any attempt at parliamentary government in that region would be out of the question. Paramount Chief Victor Poto himself, who plays the hero in your simplistic account, is a member of the legislature by virtue of his tribal rank.

Chief Poto told me in an interview just thirteen months ago that he regarded the forthcoming establishment of a Bantu legislature in the Transkei as a desirable next step for his people. It is deeply unfortunate that *Time*, which by accurate reportage could do so much to be helpful and constructive, continues on a purely destructive course.

Notes and Asides

It may or may not be true that hatred caused the death of President Kennedy, but it is most certainly true that President Kennedy's death has caused, or rather brought to the surface, a whole lot of hatred (see p. 559). Not on the fingers of a million hands can one count the number of people one is licensed, by our principal moralizers, to hate these days. Us, for instance—for which you can get a special dispensation from the Christian Brothers of *Commonweal* magazine. They reason, if that is the word for it, that Mr. Kennedy was done in by hatred. They give several examples of the kind of thing they have in mind, e.g. 1) "the repeated threats against the life of Kennedy, Stevenson, and Warren." Interesting. We hadn't heard about the numerous threats, and hadn't even heard that the FBI had heard about them. And 2) "the suggestion by one editor, made jokingly he says, that Warren should not be impeached but hanged." "One editor" is WFB of this humble journal, who two years ago introduced an eloquent article by L. Brent Bozell with the remark that it is apparently "Mr. Bozell's opinion that Earl Warren should not be impeached, though maybe he ought to be hanged." Apparently *The Commonweal* interpreted this pleasantry as a homicidal parry, and now goes on record as doubting whether the remark had actually been made in fun. Well, we are prepared to accept the editor's doubts as sincerely maintained, for the reason that not even a laughing hyena ever found anything in *The Commonweal* to laugh at, so that their presumptions against levity carry over quite naturally to other magazines. *Laugh not, that ye be not judged*, is their approach to life, and to us—so there is nothing really to be done about it, since their insinuation is strictly a laughing matter. We had better reassure them, rather, by saying that this is *not* a recommendation to our readers to hang the editors of *The Commonweal*, tempting though it may sometimes seem to put them, and their readers, out of their misery.

To make room for the Index in this, the last issue of Vol. XV, Mr. Petersen's Trans-O-Gram was dropped. It will appear in the next and all subsequent issues.

Do They Really Hate to Hate?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On matters where legal guilt is not the issue, people tend to draw their passionate conclusions snap-shut; quite as though they were standing under the great sycamore tree tugging on the rope bound to the neck of the victim they hate.

H a t e. H o w many times we have heard that word during the weeks since the tragic assassination of President Kennedy. And against whom has it been almost universally directed? Not against the Communists, of whom Lee Oswald considered himself one. Moments after the assassination some of the most influential—and self-righteous—opinion-makers in this country jumped to the conclusion that an Extreme Rightist did it. In a matter of hours a Communist was apprehended, and it transpired that it was he who had done the job.

That disappointing reversal meant only a change of tactic. It could no longer be said that a rightist assassinated President Kennedy; but lynchers do not give up easily. The story then became that the Right had 1) created an "atmosphere of hatred" which 2) generated the impulse which 3) galvanized the trigger-finger of 4) a Communist assassin. ("Mommy," the remark was made, "is it true that John Wilkes Booth was a member of the John Birch Society?") The argument—may I speak my mind?—is not in any moral sense different from the argument used by the Nazi genocides who excused the extermination of the Jews on the grounds that the Jews had, by their alleged venality, created an atmosphere which required their extermination.

In the hours immediately after the assassination I meditated on the sick-



Buckley

est right-wing literature I have ever read; and, my friends, that literature is very sick indeed. But these are not calls to violence—not so much because of any scruple on the demented authors' part; but because, for them, The Enemy is so legion that one might just as well go and train one's rifle on Original Sin. According to such persons one must eliminate all the Jews; or all the Bankers; or all the Internationalists; or all the Socialists; or whoever—and they are very numerous—serve as the particular paranoiac's demonology. So that even the sickest "right" extremists cannot be held guilty for the atrocity of Dallas.

And Yet

And yet people who fancy themselves as responsible—I think for instance of Bishop Pike, of Senator Douglas, of Ralph Bunche, of Earl Warren—have flatly suggested that the right wing, because the Right's opposition to their policies has been emphatic, and even uproarious, can be blamed for the hideous assassination. Consider the danger of such techniques of defamation. I could find in the rhetoric of Walter Reuther whole paragraphs and phrases that would seem to be more galvanic of direct action against actual, or fancied, oppressors, than anything Welch has written. Can it then be said that the CIO was responsible for Dallas? What about the extremist prose of the pacifists? . . . By these standards, Thomas Paine was an assassin's Muse.

Who, in the last period, has defied law and order, has called for direct opposition to the law—if we are going to take the position that lawlessness leads to assassination? Is it just the universally condemned Ross Barnett? Let us look at others of the law-defiers.

— Martin Luther King. He has said that laws that are bad are immoral laws, and therefore are not really laws at all; and under his leadership,

and that of his many followers, Americans have directly flouted the law. They have moved into government offices and made transit in and out all but impossible.

— There are the Black Muslims, who though they do not call overtly for direct action, have said that violent action under certain circumstances means justice.

— There are the peace-marchers, and assorted left-activists, e.g., the heroes of San Francisco who by physical and vocal obstructionism tried to halt the legal activities of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

— There are those Americans who cheered the violence of Ben Bella against the French in Algeria, or the violence of the generals in South Vietnam against the Diem government.

— Above all, there are the Communists, for whom violence is a militant instrument, to be used under certain circumstances in furtherance of the goal of world revolution. There is the branch of Communist-anarchism founded by the bloody-minded Nechaev, whose star was high in Europe towards the end of the last century, and has not completely set; and for him, or any of his legion of followers, the assassination of an American President would simply be the business of a productive day.

What does Earl Warren mean to accomplish by suggesting, as he did at the Rotunda in the Capitol, within a few yards of the President's bier, that the hatred of the American Right was responsible for this heinous deed? What the Chief Justice was doing was indulging a hatred of his own for his most adamant opponents. How can he hope to stop what he understands as hatred, by hating glaringly under the most solemn auspices? If you were a member of the so-called extremist Right, whose ambitions *vis-à-vis* Warren never went further than to hope to impeach him by strict adherence to constitutional procedure—how would you feel if, in reply, you were accused of having a psychological hand in the assassination of the President of the United States?

You would not be drawn towards love. You would be driven towards the hatred in which so many alleged friends of the memory of John F. Kennedy are trafficking.

The Third World War

Foreign Aid: Distinctions Needed

JAMES BURNHAM

On large political issues it is always difficult to make convincing distinctions. The very nature of the political process pushes us toward an unmodified Yes or No. So it has conspicuously been in the case of Foreign Aid: each citizen, judging that complex entity to be either Good or Bad, has tended to be quite simply *For* or *Against*. During fifteen years the *For* has prevailed in our national councils. Foreign Aid—all kinds, to any and all countries—was good, and the more the better.

The pendulum has started its reverse swing. The judgment that Foreign Aid is Bad, all Bad, lock, stock and barrel, is being heard more loudly in the land, and has brought from Congress, this year, the first really massive cuts in Foreign Aid appropriations. These cuts, since they are motivated, largely, by a blanket rejection of the whole idea of Foreign Aid, are indiscriminating; every sort of aid for every purpose has been slashed. This is an understandable enough reaction to the indiscriminating grants of years past, but no less unwise.

It is really true that Foreign Aid—some kinds of Foreign Aid—is an indispensable instrument of the policy of the United States and of all other major powers. The critical fault with the Foreign Aid program has not been its size—perhaps in some fields it has not been large enough—but the fact that a) it has been very badly administered, and b) many of its projects have not served, have often not even been intended to serve, the interests of this nation and those of the West.

The administration of Foreign Aid has indeed been disgraceful. Around it there has grown in both the giving and receiving countries a vast army of bureaucrats, hangers-on, contract-chasers and grafters. Whatever is done, by executive, Congress or public opinion, to reduce and discipline that army is well done.

The worst projects are some of

those included under “economic assistance” and “economic development”; and it is the huge funds for these projects, it may be noted, that nourish the army of bureaucrats, grafters and contract-chasers. In many cases the economic assistance projects, whether good or bad in themselves, are outside the proper function of the government, since their purpose is not to promote the interests of this nation, its citizens or its allies. Often they actively harm these interests: by bolstering a government that is in reality inimical, for example, or by interfering with the entry of private investment. More than once—as in Bolivia, Brazil, Egypt, and elsewhere—U.S. Foreign Aid has in fiscal actuality paid for the expropriation of the property of U.S. citizens. Ironically, the economic aid frequently injures the receiving nation also: by stimulating inflation, misdirecting the local economy, discouraging foreign investors, and so on.

On the Strategic Side

There is ample reason, then, for Congress and the public to examine Foreign Aid with a severe and skeptical eye. But the long list of sins is not the whole story. Ought we cancel aid to Taiwan, South Korea, Spain and the Philippine Republic, let us say?—and a goodly percentage of the total goes to these four. The aid in these cases takes the form of military assistance and “support” programs. The countries, our military command tells us, are key strategic points in our own global defense system. The local populations cannot possibly maintain a military formation adequate to our strategic need. Therefore—surely—U.S. Foreign Aid; and there will have to be supporting economic aid also.

Take more generally the matter of “military assistance,” which is not well understood by the casual public. In most cases, the military command

of a major power welcomes the chance to send “military missions” to other countries, and to equip and help train their soldiers. This is very natural. If nation X shoots our guns and flies our planes, it becomes dependent on us for ammunition, repair parts and replacements. Using our equipment, and training with us, its soldiers get to know ours as comrades, and absorb our military doctrine. Pouring out hundreds of millions for a government steel plant in India helps neither us nor the Indians. But when the Himalaya War lowered the anti-Western threshold of the Indian military, our soldiers rushed forward with planes, tanks, guns and instructors. They were surely right to do so.

No Nation Is an Island

Nor can all economic aid projects be excluded from an intelligent policy. In underdeveloped countries that are potentially friendly and potentially important, help with the “infrastructure”—roads, water and sewage facilities, harbors, etc.—seems useful in both directions. Moreover, we as a nation want to “maintain a presence” in most countries. Sometimes an aid project is the easiest or only way. Then there are special angles: Soviet and Czech technicians and equipment are, for example, setting up a national news agency for newly independent Kenya and East Africa. It sounds like Foreign Aid money well spent.

The revolt against Foreign Aid is one among a number of recent signs of a kind of neo-isolationism, revealed in both public opinion and official acts: the closing down of outlying missile bases and airfields; the recall of troops; tariff jumps by both President Kennedy and Johnson; restrictions on foreign investments; discouragement with NATO; impatience with allies like de Gaulle and Diem. Paradoxically, even the appeasement steps may be part of the mood. Unable to get along with stubborn allies and worried about the dollar and domestic troubles, we seek to make peace with our enemy and, relying on Fortress America, to stick to our own business. Unfortunately, our business, in this epoch, is the world—and soon, it would seem, the solar system.

Natural and Ultimate Religion

GEORGE SANTAYANA

One hundred years ago this month, George Santayana was born in Spain. If that urbane cosmopolitan may be said ever to have had a home, it was in Avila: holy and hard Avila, grim and noble against the sierra, where Torquemada lies in his tomb in the cathedral. If the crusading spirit of Avila, or the mysticism of St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross, never touched Santayana—why, still all his life he confessed the genius of Christianity, finding in the symbols of the Church truths more lofty than the smug or shallow philosophical babel of his time. It was in a Roman convent that he died, eleven years ago.

Much to the chagrin of his detractors, Santayana has grown in reputation during the past decade. He wrote with beauty and wit, which prejudiced against him nearly all his professional colleagues; with a genial contempt, he turned aside from ideology, to the displeasure of ideologues. And, though he was skeptical to the bone, his incredulity at the neat fallacies of positivism and pragmatism far exceeded his dissent from religious tradition—a kind of skepticism not calculated to endear him to the evangels of Progress. Yet through power of mind, and of style, already he has eclipsed the heavy treatises of his contemporaries.

Christianity, whatever his doubts, Santayana admired with an understanding that few men of the cloth possess. Take the concluding passages of his little late book *The Idea of Christ in the Gospels*, or *God in Man*.

"The automatism of life in most men thirsts for irrelevant excitements, not finding much joy in anything definite and true to itself.

"The idea of Christ crucified has had many worshippers, and has inspired many saints. But it has not converted the world or saved it. The world does not wish to be saved. . . . Those who miss these things do not regret missing them. It would not be

in the spirit of Christ to blame them for that privation: verily they have their reward. Yet that reward, from the spiritual point of view, is itself their punishment, for it keeps them from ever understanding the power of their own minds or judging anything otherwise than by an accidental passion."

The life of reason, George Santayana knew, is not opposed to religious insight—rather, it is dependent upon the eye of faith and hope. Religion is man's search for purpose and significance—his sanctuary against chaos. And if the imitators of Christ are few, still they alone know through sacrifice and harmony what it is to be a man.

RUSSELL KIRK



George Silk—Life

Santayana

Why do men possess a religion at all? For two reasons, and on two levels. The first reason, on the level of natural life, is that we are all committed, without our previous consent, to the enterprise of living. We are all engaged more or less prosperously in obeying habits, impulses, affections and hopes. We feel a more or less kindred effort animating all nature and especially a certain portion of mankind, those, namely, who are of our way of thinking. Yet since even with this support, success in any project is doubtful, and even the interpretation of our own wills often

uncertain, we are prone to imagine a God, more powerful and more friendly than our human neighbors, more powerful and friendly even than the ordinary course of nature, who shall abet us in our hazardous enterprise and assure us of ultimate success. Such is the first origin and function of human religion: it arises in a mind sure of its purposes but incapable of carrying them out unaided: it is the appeal of the animal soul to heaven for help, for guidance, for vengeance; the comfort found in the hope that such aid is possible, and thankfulness poured out when, somewhat exceptionally, such aid seems actually to come.

I will not say—though it would be plausible—that this natural religion is vain. Let me admit, since I am admitting all possibilities, that cooperative and sympathetic deities hover above us, prompting and sanctioning our moral life. If not the literal fact, that ancient assurance is at least a good poetic symbol for the natural or supernatural forces by which the spirit is actually supported—generative and protective forces in the first instance and in many respects, yet treacherous forces in the end, ultimately requiring the supreme sacrifice of all that we naturally love: not only a death for each individual life, but a fatal collective failure and collapse for every collective success. No: I do not think the spirit need trouble to quarrel with traditional religion, ancient or modern, mythological or scriptural. The spirit is essentially a poet, and must be tender to its own works. Are they not full of the truth of experience, cast into such terms as the spirit found at hand? Without carping at traditional faith, I will say this: The enterprise of life, in its natural, animal, political forms, is the basis of science and morality and the public arts: but it is utterly irreligious. Life is a spontaneous, crude, ignorant ambition: a blind self-assertion

big with every sort of self-contradiction, agony, and crime. It is precisely that from which a veritable religion would come to redeem us. Those apparently friendly forces to which the nations pray, those imperial gods if they were conscious and moral beings, what would they think of themselves? Who would they say that they were? Would they never wonder where they came from, why such particular thoughts and purposes animated them in creating and governing the universe, and why they had chosen man, or some race, or some type of man—for their particular favorites? What good would they conceive to come of it all? What security would they have for the future? Might not some other playful Titan, some other imperial god, some sudden Napoleon of the heavens, come to upset their thrones, and establish himself and his own family in their place? The new domination might not last, but never would the

old domination be again safely restored. Would they not feel like poor man the universal reign of insecurity and ignorance, of helplessness disguised by romantic swagger, creeping like a cold mist into the marrow of their bones? Yes; and even without any external enemies or visible dangers, might not the mood of a divine life gradually change of itself, like the weather? Might it not turn from zephyrs to storm, from storm to silence? Might not the universal Titan find himself suddenly fertile with a surprising brood, as a tree puts forth leaves or an animal has young: and might not all his watchfulness and industry on behalf of his litter turn out useless in the end, might not all his children die, might not his own affection and sorrow grow weary and dreamlike, and might he not relapse into an uneasy solitude, haunted by persistent memories and by the shadow of a future, perhaps horrible and certainly unforeseen? Surely,

for Titans and men, for nations and doctrines, such is inevitably the enterprise of life; and if we look to any god that shares that enterprise, we look to nothing that, except by accident, is at all wiser or stronger than ourselves. If we are the creatures of some cosmic Demiurgus, of some romantic artist playing with atoms and with rays of light, surely nobody ever stood in greater need than that deity of repentance and liberation. Great or small, recent or ancient, we living animals are all alike a temporary brood of chaos. Our classic forms and our human arts are the flowers of one cosmic or planetary climate, scarcely attained before they are withered; and the knowledge of this predicament, in which life finds itself not by accident but just because it is life, because it is a movement from the forgotten into the unforeseen, first opens to us the door to the eternal and founds the ultimate religion of the spirit upon the very vanity of things.

Spare Me the Rods

Was it a secret code? A trick language? A new form of parent-hazing? The intrepid Mrs. Heath sets off on the trail and cracks The Case of the Colored Rods.

ALOISE B. HEATH

The mother of a lot of scatterbrained, irresponsible, lazy little knuckleheads has much to be thankful for—the very, very least of which is that after ten or twelve years of driving children nightly to their desks; of finding, explaining, supervising, checking and correcting homework, she finds that she, and she alone, has attained a good grammar school education.

She, and she alone, knows her multiplication tables—not only including, but especially, the eight times. She, and she alone, knows the name of the leader of the Jamestown Colony and the answer to what is Sanctifying Grace and three examples of subordinate clauses—begun by adjoining words—and the capital of Alaska. Only she knows the preamble to the Constitution by heart and the French for “had I had time, I should have completed my assignment.” Which is subjunctive, but not impossible. She

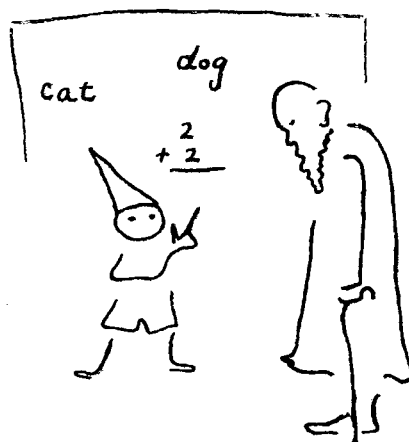
is death on accidentals in the hard part of the *Moonlight Sonata*, which is peachy, but not as ginger-peachy as if one child ever remembered once about the G sharp in the easy part.

This is why Timothy, who is the ninth of ten children, is not over-protected by his mother. Timothy is five

years old. He is small, handsome, stern, rather conceited, we suspect; and he has the kind of passion for accuracy which so unduly prolongs even the simplest of bedtime stories. When he comes home from kindergarten, we meet; we do not reunite, as did his poor be-mommed eldest brother and I twelve years ago. Nor do I ask for a detailed accounting of Timothy’s morning; I say “Have fun?” and then I say “That’s good!” Sometimes I say “That’s good!” before he answers, and he has asked me not to. I admire the drawings he brings home, but I do not frame them. I don’t know how or if he relates to a learning situation, and I am hopelessly out of touch with the progress of either his large or small motor activity.

I am ashamed of myself.

In self-defense, let me add that I am careful of my children’s physical



well-being; not only in matters like shots and vitamins and rules about crossing the street, but also in more subtle ways, such as paying double to have the dining-room window fixed before Ben gets home from the office. And all fall, when Timothy and six-year-old Jay talked about the "red *much*" of their milk; or discussed the moral values of a girl who would promise her brother a yellow *much* of her orange, but actually come across with only the teeniest little nothing of a white much, I have pretended not to hear. Those two are always giving away their elders' latest secret language and getting pounded for it; and as I say, I *am* careful of my children's safety.

It was only after my chat *à deux* with Timothy that I began to wonder whether this was altogether a physical matter. Timothy was home from school with a cold, and we were glad to see each other, so to speak. We sat alone together in the kitchen over a plateful of plums, and I said, as a gesture of friendship: "Tim, what's two and two?" Between Heaths, this is not a question; it is the opening gambit of an old routine which ends in "What's twelve and twelve?" to which the (always) killingly funny answer is "Twenty-four. Shut your mouth and say no more." Furthermore, it is Timothy's absolutely favorite joke; so I felt a little rebuffed when he asked gravely:

"What's two?"

One's instinctive answer to a question like this is two is two, dopey! But one does not give instinctive answers to questions posed by Timothy. Timothy has a tendency to pursue questions right down through a crack in the floor. I decided that what he meant was, Two whats?, so:

"Oh . . . plums," I told him.

Timothy studied his plum, which was purple. "When you say plum do you mean puhple?" he asked hopefully. "Puhple is my favored."

It seemed to me that we were getting rather far afield. I said:

"All right, purple. But I still want to know what two and two is."

"Brown," said Timothy; and then as I sat, open-mouthed: "*Brown* is the *answer*!" he repeated firmly.

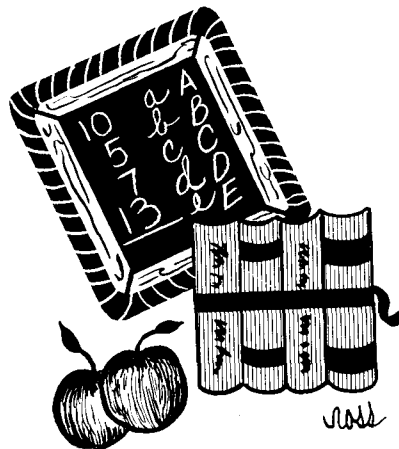
Another clown in my family is very high on my list of what my family does not need; and I searched

Tim's face for the slightest sign of a smirk while I groped my mental way back to the beginning of our conversation. There was no humor in either, I decided; and certainly there was no sense.

"Two and two is brown?" I asked at last.

"Puhple and puhple is brown," Timothy corrected. "It was you, that said puhple."

Maternal masochism being what it is, I wiped the blood out of my eyes and staggered back into the ring. Where I learned—and it served me right—that two apples, two *red* apples



are purple, and two pears are orange. That is, two yellow pears are orange; two light green pears are, as anybody knows, dark green. ("Are you *smaht*?" Tim asked me curiously.) And one yellow pear and one green pear are, he was pretty sure, blue. Fighting back tears of sheer weakness, I finally took four oranges from the refrigerator and put them on the table. "Come on, now, Tim," I pleaded. "What are two oranges and two oranges, *orange* oranges?"

"Nothing," said Timothy flatly. He slipped off his chair with an air of finality. "Not even one ohnge and one ohnge is something. Don't you even know *that*?" and he started up the back stairs. "But, Tim," I called after him desperately. "You didn't even look at them! If there're two for you and two for . . ."

"Oh fouah!" he growled over his shoulder. "Fouah. Fouah. Fouah. Fouah. But fouah is numbuhs. Kindagatuhs don't do numbuhs, I should hope." And he reached the top of the stairs and disappeared.

It was not till later that I realized that that silly secret language of the

children's had something to do with substituting colors for numbers, and that Timothy was becoming obsessed by it and that it must go.

A Twilight Talk

After supper I went upstairs for a consultation with the joint rulers of the Lower Family, seven-year-old Betsey, who is very intellectual, and eight-year-old Alison, who is very wise. They were on the floor, in the Heath homework position—head down, rump up—and through each pair of rosy lips came intermittent mutters of "My God. My God." Blasphemy I can handle. I tiptoed into the room and applied a sharp smack to the high part of each little girl. Two dark heads shot up and two small faces blazed at me, but I got in the first word, which is important. "What did I hear you say?" I bellowed.

"My rods, my rods", said Betsey "Shall we not any more?"

"Is it bad?" Alison asked interestedly.

This was obviously not my day "Oh," I said weakly. "No, it's not bad I thought you were saying something else . . ." ("My God," Alison whispered to Betsey.) "You each get a bad thing free, then." But I was still irritated, in general as well as in particular, and I added querulously: "It's idiotic though. What do you mean, 'my rods'?"

"We have them at school," said Betsey.

"Well, what do you do with them, anyway?" I asked.

"Three-ninths times thirty-six equals box," said Alison.

"One quarter times box plus six equals box," said Betsey.

"With rods? Sticks?"

"Yes," they said.

I thought I'd better feel my way. "I used to do problems like that," I remarked, "but . . ."

"Do them, then," urged Alison. "Go on, Mother, let's see you do them." Gentle Betsey warned: "Mine is pretty hard, Mother."

So I did them, using partly common sense and partly x's; and I was very good about not telling them that these problems were different in degree of difficulty, but hardly at all in kind from those I had helped Jim and Pam and John with—not when

they were seven and eight, but when they were thirteen.

"I don't say *box* though; I say *x*;" I told them when I had finished.

"That's funny; in *our* days we don't call a box a *x*. We call it a box," said Alison wittily. "I know. I know," she added as I opened my mouth to explain. "You just sound so funny and cute."

"Ha, ha, and thank you," I said.

"Didn't they even have rods in olden days?" Betsey asked, surprised.

"Well, pay attention then and I'll tell you," said Alison.

"And don't be afraid to ask questions," urged Betsey, and: "No, don't," added Alison. "You Can't Ask Questions Without Thinking," she announced magisterially, and, "There's No Such Thing As Bad Thinking," she and Betsey chorused.

I thought I'd withhold comment on that one for a while, and I said:

"I will. I won't. I'll remember. Now tell me about the rods."

Reason for the Rods

"Well. This is how I'd do three-ninths times thirty-six equals box with rods if I had my rods," said Alison. "They look like Lincoln logs except with edges, and they have ten sizes instead of four; and the biggest one is ten times as long as the littlest one. So first I have to see thirty-six; and I put three orange rods . . ."

"You forgot to say about colors," Betsey hissed.

"Okay, okay, *okay*, Betsey! Every size rod is a different color, so you can pick out the ones you want easier, I guess. The smallest one is white and the biggest one is orange and there's all different colors for the ones in between. See?"

I saw, I said.

"So the white rod is one and the red one is two and like that all the way up to the orange is ten. So if I *had* my rods I'd put three orange rods and one . . . Oh, by the way," Alison interrupted herself, "You *do* know that orange is only ten because white is one, don't you? If I decided to call the white rod a half, then the red would be one, and the green—that's the next—would be one and a half and like that all the way up to orange—that's the biggest remember—would be five. Or orange would be twenty if white was two. See?"

I saw, I said. It took me a moment but I saw. I saw something else too, or I thought I did.

"Alison," I said, "I'm *very* interested. But before you go on: Does Timothy have rods?"

"That's all poor Tim-Tim has," said Betsey.

"Well, then, tell me: if you were thinking about rods and not about numbers, would you say that purple and purple is brown?"

"Did he say that? That's pretty smart," said Alison admiringly. "See, that's the same as four and four—purple's four: white, red, green, purple; one, two, three, four—the same as four and four is eight—unless you call purple eight and then. . ."

"It doesn't matter what you call it," said Betsey, quietly, "Purple and purple is brown."

"And red and red is. . ."

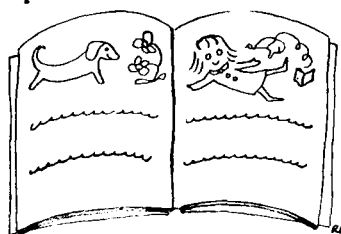
"Purple."

"What's yellow and yellow?"

"Orange," said Betsey. "That's good if Tim-Tim said that."

". . . of course, I *could* make my first factor line with the reds. . . ." Alison was chattering on, unnoticing and unoffended; and I finally did learn how she would have found out what three-ninths of thirty-six are with her rods, if she'd had her rods. I even *saw*.

And I'm sorry, but I think you should see, too, because it was very interesting. Given the proximity of Alison and her rods (which I just did) she would set end-to-end three orange, or ten-count, and one dark green, or six count rod, which would



give her 36. Then Alison would find nine rods of the same color, or value, which, set end to end (or "added") along her 36 row, would match it in length. These nine rods would constitute a "factor line" for 36; as would any other series of rods of the same color which "fit." ("Like it would take 18 red rods to fit the 36 line," Alison explained, "And red is two so you know one of the factors of 36 is

18 and another is two. See?" And when you find all the colors that fit, then you know all the factors.") Once she had found the rod which fit exactly nine times, she would know by its color, of course, what number it represented ("Four," I offered. "Purple," said Alison), and since nine purples ("Thanks, Mother, by the way") were nine-ninths of 36, and three purples were three-ninths of 36, and since purple, was four, that was 12, and 12 was what you wrote in the box.

"It *says* longer than it *does*," finished Alison, "And of course it's much faster when you remember your factors."

"Couldn't you just use your nine times table," I asked. "Or have you had that yet?"

"Oh, ye-a-ah! I've heard about those!" Alison sounded a little regretful. "We have factors though."

I thanked them very much; I told them to hurry to bed, it was late, ("we had some dumb old lady in here asking questions," Alison explained. "Alison!" said Betsey) kissed them goodnight and left. I felt better but all the same I got myself invited to kindergarten the next morning.

Well, Well. If It Isn't

I arrive a few minutes late, which I assumed Timothy would expect but I see in a moment both that he didn't and that he is in a state of high dudgeon. (I know most five-year-olds don't; but Timothy does.) Mrs. Lord, the kindergarten teacher, introduces me to the children as Timothy's mother while Tim tries to look as if you could knock *him* over with a feather and I say Good morning, and the children say, Good morning and You-Know-Who says mothers should go home, and we all settle down to a jolly arithmetic class.

On the children's low wooden tables, at which they sit in groups of two and three, are enormous numbers of brightly colored wooden "rods" of varying lengths; and these, I gather, are the tools of the famous M. Cuisenaire's mathematical revolution. Mrs. Lord explains to me hurriedly that the method of teaching arithmetic is to induce the children to make their own discoveries of basic mathematical patterns and facts;

and that they are never discouraged, therefore, from voicing a conclusion, and never praised or reproached for being right or wrong.

"Heavens," I say. "What do you do with your face?"

"Practice," says Mrs. Lord and she leaves me to supervise Corky in the picking up of 14 small white rods which had suddenly and inexplicably risen from Corky's box and hurled themselves across the room at Ricky's head. He thought it was odd at the time, Corky says, picking away slowly. Mrs. Lord doesn't wait. She assigns one of the longer rods to each of several children, and asks them to make "trains" or combinations of small rods to fit them. Bill, who has the orange rod, finds the most combinations, and he is awarded the honor of "reading" them aloud. He bends his head over his rods with enormous concentration and reads slowly: "Brown and red. Yellow, purple, white. Green, red, yellow."

"Good thinking, Bill," says Mrs. Lord, and she turns to the class. "Now suppose that orange rod that Bill found all those combinations for were a candy cane. And suppose Bill very nicely decided . . ." ("Ha!" says someone, and I fear it is Timothy) ". . . to give me half of his candy cane. How much would he have left for himself do you think, if he did that?"

"Half a candy cane," cries half the class. "Half a candy cane," agrees Mrs. Lord. "A broken candy cane and I don't want it," Timothy observes pleasantly.

Mrs. Lord congratulates one and all on his keen perception, sound judgment and advanced intellectual development. She continues: "Some of you think that if Bill gives me half his candy cane what he'll have left is another half a candy cane. Does anybody disagree with that?"

Nobody disagrees with that, though Vanessa and Nancy confer.

"I wonder if any one can tell us how big the piece was that Bill gave to me. Vanessa?"

"Half big" says Vanessa firmly.

"I should hope," remarks Mary Sunshine Heath.

"And how big was the piece Bill kept?"

"Half big too. Timothy Heath should hope," whoops Nancy collapsing into Vanessa's arms.

Only Mrs. Lord—Oh, admirable young woman—maintains her equanimity. When she can be heard, she says: "Good, Nancy. Now, can anyone tell us why Bill's piece is half big too?"

"Andy?" says Mrs. Lord. Someone pokes Andy. "Yes?" asks Andy, who has been waving his hand in the air in order to give the impression that he is not listening to Corky. My cheeks ache for Mrs. Lord, as she repeats pleasantly: "If Bill gave me



a piece that was half as big as his candy cane, how do we know that the piece he had left was also half as big as the candy cane?"

"Oh, but it had to be," Andy says earnestly. He pauses. "You see," he begins slowly, "if two people each get half a thing, that makes the whole thing. And halves are as big as each other because—well they're the same as each other. They even have the same name!" Andy puts his hands on his hips and glowers around the room. "Good thinking, Andy," says Mrs. Lord serenely. "Now let's go back to the candy cane," the teacher continues. "If the orange rod is the same as a whole candy cane, what do you think would be the same as half a candy cane?"

"Half an orange rod," cries the class, in happy unison.

"I don't want half a ohnge rod," says The Spirit of Christmas Future. "It tastes hohble!" and he looks around smugly, having once again *épater les bourgeois*.

"Half an orange rod," smiles Mrs. Lord. "Good! Now does anybody think he can take that thought a little farther?"

She glances from child to child; and there is silence. "Well, let's see

what we can find out," she continues, "everybody take out an orange rod. Has everybody got his orange rod? Is that orange, Timothy? Get out your orange rod, Timothy."

Tim got out his orange rod, observing only that "puhple is phut-tier."

"I want everyone to make a train to fit his orange rod, but use only yellow rods, for your train. Is everybody paying attention. Kathy, what did I say?"

As Mrs. Lord has correctly divined, Kathy hasn't the foggiest—the intellectual demands involved in stealing all one's tablemates' light green rods being what they are. However, one of the robbed obligingly hisses "yellow" and Kathy replies firmly: "Yellow, you said."

"Puhple, I said," says Old Sweetness and Light, but he places his two yellow rods end to end and lines them up alongside the orange.

In another moment, everyone except Kathy has finished his pattern; and a moment after that, Kathy unhurriedly pushes her second yellow rod into place under thirteen pairs of waiting eyes.

"I BEAT!" shrieks Kathy.

Ladies & Gentlemen!

The Spirit of Moscow takes place (or takes wing, according to the angle of your extremism) and Kathy is only with difficulty preserved from it. Furthermore, I am almost sure that Mrs. Lord has raised her voice—imperceptibly, to be sure; but definitely. Order is in due course restored, and it is pointed out that the question of whether or not Kathy beat—though she didn't—is of very little importance compared to the very disappointing behavior of the kindergarten as a whole. Mrs. Lord never wants to hear the children shout and scream like that again. Why, Timothy's mother must think she's visiting a *nursery* class.

"No she doesn't. She thinks she's home," says Timothy clearly.

Eleven shocked and delighted little faces are turned toward Timothy's mother, who blushes.

Mrs. Lord clears her throat. "So, we've all found out that . . . how many yellows make orange? Donald?"

"Two!" shouts Donald, jumping to

his feet. "I mean, two," he whispers subsiding.

"Is that true, everybody? Kathy? Clay? Ricky? Bill?"

Timothy is not asked and I silently congratulate the teacher on having learned in only black (7) weeks, that Timothy would have answered: "Puhple."

It took me yellow years.

"So if the orange rod is the same as a whole candy cane, what do you think is the same as half a candy cane?"

"Yellow!" the class roars.

"Who can say it for us, Ricky?"

Ricky jumps up and stands at attention and announces at the top of his voice: "Yellow is one-half orange."

"One half is the yellow of orange," pipes Kathy.

"Two yellows make orange," says quiet Vanessa. "You have to know that before the rest."

"You're quite right, Vanessa," says Mrs. Lord and she begins to gather up her rods.

It is noon. The kindergarten day is over; and Timothy and I walk out into the bright fall.

What had they learned, I wondered, these babies sixty and sixty-five and seventy months old, in the half hour just past?

A great deal, it seemed to me. They did not learn that two and two are four and half of four is two, which is like—but not at all the same as—three and three are six and half of six is three. Instead they discovered that yellow and yellow are orange and that therefore, but not also, half of orange is yellow. Soon they will know that orange can be called by the name of any number within reach of their small minds.

This morning these children were brought to see the logic of double-

ness and halfness, which is a pretty big thing to understand—at five, by making patterns with colored blocks; or at fourteen, by learning " $x = 2y$: $y = \frac{1}{2}x$."

I wondered, too, if the New Mathematics, or the Modern Mathematics, is not simply the mathematical application of a very old science, called logic; and whether the "new" techniques of teaching are not as old as Socrates, helping the young men of Athens nearly twenty-five hundred years ago to stumble their wordy way toward eternal verities.

"Mother," Tim asked as we got into the car. "Was I good?"

"Good!" I said, "you were absolutely terrible."

"That's pretty good thinking, Mother, that's just what I was. I was absolutely tuhble," and a radiant smile lit up the dark little face. Whatever gets into Timothy had, once again, got out.

So It Goes

The list of foreign diplomats in Uruguay as of August 1963 included the name Rolando Santana Reyes, Cultural Attaché of the Cuban Embassy. He came to Montevideo in March 1963, but his present residence is given as "somewhere in the Western Hemisphere." This vagueness is well grounded. For Mr. Santana Reyes, you see, has had his fill of Cuba, and has jumped ship. And he performed one last service (or more likely, the first) for his genial host country, Uruguay, by informing her of the activities of Cuban diplomats. He handed over, to a big Montevideo newspaper, just before he disappeared, a document that names the four main duties of the Cuban Embassy in Montevideo: 1) securing help for Castro from the Uruguayan people and regime; 2) espionage concerning the individuals, activities, and plans of official agencies, as well as creation of contacts with government officials; 3) subversion into Argentina and Paraguay; and 4) treaty obligations covering technicians and specialists for work in Cuba.

Reyes' document divulges the true

functions of individual members of the embassy staff. You learn that the "Third Secretary," Mr. Earle Pérez Fridman, is really the head of the Cuban secret service in Uruguay, and is superior in authority to even Chargé d'affaires Aldo Rodríguez Campos, who is likewise in the espionage service. Duties of a subversive nature have been parceled out to almost all the diplomats, including even one functionary's wife, the seemingly very talented Mrs. Mirna Sarmiento de Cabrizas.

They went at it systematically. In Uruguay, as elsewhere, there is a "National Committee to Support the Cuban Revolution." Santana Reyes himself, as Cultural Attaché, had to attend to that; but in financial matters the committee was supervised by Mrs. Cabrizas. And then there's the political party founded by the Communists and their friends, the Leftist Front of Liberation, whose Spanish title (*Frente Izquierdista de Liberación*) yields the attractive short-form FIDEL. In the 1962 election campaign this party received \$75,000 from Castro through the Cuban Embassy in Montevideo. Not long ago FIDEL asked for help in setting up training camps for guerrilla fighters and getting weapons. The Cuban diplomats

promised all possible support. Mrs. Cabrizas concerns herself, above all, with the student world. It is considered especially important to distribute propaganda in the University, chiefly among the professors, who, as soon as they have been won over, will influence the students.

Santana Reyes said that Uruguay has been singled out as the strategic fulcrum of Communism in this area, because there are many Communists here already, and the regime is so notoriously devoted to "democratic freedom" that it leaves everyone alone, and one can go about one's work. Santana Reyes ends his revelations by saying, "As a former agent of the Cuban secret service, I call on the Uruguayan Government to take the necessary steps before it is too late."

The man in the street is now asking indignantly, What will the government do about this? Protest? Ultimatum? Serious investigation? Expulsion of the nefarious diplomats? Appeal to the Organization of American States? What will happen?

The man in the street asks these questions. The man in the know replies: "Nothing."

ROBERT PETER

At Home With Sir Alec

Britain's new Prime Minister comes from a family of individualists, says the author. He is already regarded with healthy respect by Harold Wilson.

COLM BROGAN

The simultaneous ascent and descent of Alexander Douglas-Home underlines a development which I ventured to forecast some years ago. That development is revival of respect for the aristocratic qualities. This has come about partly because people have become bored with sour egalitarianism and uniformity. As more and more of the working class assume middle-class habits, eccentricity and indifference to social pressures become more attractive.

But it must be added that the Homes themselves have played an important personal part in reburnishing the aristocratic crest. William Douglas-Home, the Prime Minister's brother, first came into prominence during a wartime by-election. The Marquis of Hartington, President Kennedy's brother-in-law, stood for a seat that was regarded as nearly the personal property of the Devonshire family. During the war, the major parties did not fight each other at by-elections, but a Common Weal party sprang up and did rather well. Common Weal put up a candidate against Hartington and William Douglas-Home rushed to his support. He blandly explained that as his family had been raiding and robbing in England for centuries, he thought he would make a one-man foray in an English by-election. Hartington lost and was later killed in the invasion of Normandy.

William Douglas-Home's war experience was different. At a time when the German army was crumbling to defeat, he was ordered to attack a French town. William had other ideas. He knew there were many French civilians in the town, and he believed the German commander could be persuaded to surrender to save innocent life. So he flatly disobeyed his orders and rode in a jeep towards the German position, carrying a pair of white under-

pants tied on a stick as a flag of truce. He was turned back, but he took no part in the attack.

Afterwards he almost insisted on being tried and was duly sent to prison. Alec visited him in Wormwood Scrubs and burst out laughing when he saw his brother in this highly unusual environment. William put his experience to good account. He wrote a serious play about prison life called *And Now Barabbas*. It was a big success. He followed this with a



light political comedy called *The Chiltern Hundreds* which was a bigger success and also did very well as a film.

Then disaster fell. He brought on another comedy called *Aunt Edwina*. Of this effort it may be enough to say that *Aunt Edwina* has become the trade name for any play of unadulterated corn. The gallery kept up a fusillade of booing and shouting, but when the final curtain fell on the first night, the author stepped for-

ward and fired back at the gallery. It was widely admitted that he got much the better of the exchanges. The same thing happened every night. When the last curtain fell, the dauntless author appeared behind the footlights and hurled defiance at critics and audience alike. He spent all the money he had made from his previous successes to take *Aunt Edwina* from theater to theater. He even sold his car to raise funds. The good ship *Aunt Edwina* finally sank in a theater in Croydon, but she went down with flags flying and guns blazing. On the last night, as on the first night, the author took his very militant bow.

This was remembered some years later when John Osborne came an even worse cropper. Osborne had made a lot of money out of *Look Back in Anger* and *The Entertainer*, plays which I thought had been grossly overpraised. Then he wrote a musical called *The World of Paul Slickey*. It came to London after a provincial tour, and opened in the large Palace theater. I saw it twice and it was very bad indeed, but it is my unending regret that I missed the first night. This time it was not merely the gallery that booed. The stalls were booing as well. Elderly brigadiers in evening dress were standing up, purple in the face, shaking their fists and shouting at the stage. There was even a demonstration on the pavement outside. This was John Osborne's moment of truth. How did he meet the challenge? Did he take the stage like William Douglas-Home and fight back? Did he sacrifice his own money in order to keep the play going?

Alas, no. After the first night there was the customary party. Osborne who was producer as well as author did not even look in. The notices were uniformly hostile, and in a few days Osborne took himself off to Capri leaving the ship to sink. I must

repeat that he was producer as well as author.

Virtually all those connected with the Progressive Theater are strongly left-wing, but even they had to admit that when it came to facing adversity and defying opinion the aristocratic Douglas-Home had some quality that was conspicuously lacking in the lower middle-class Osborne.

The Playing Fields of Eton

Sir Alec Douglas-Home, Knight of the Thistle and brigadier of the Royal Company of Archers, has the same quality. At Eton he was president of Pop, that small and self-perpetuating society of senior boys who have more say in running the school than most of the masters. (Harold Macmillan did not make Pop at all.) He was also Keeper of the Field, but I will not even attempt to explain what this means. His finest hour came to him when he scored 66 in the Eton and Harrow cricket match, a very high score for a schoolboy. Another member of the eleven said "Alec scored 66, and 65 of them were off his thumb." That was more or less true. Although he was an effective batsman, his style was awkward and, in fact, his hand was very badly bruised. None of the spectators had the faintest suspicion of this. He gave no indication of pain or discomfort.

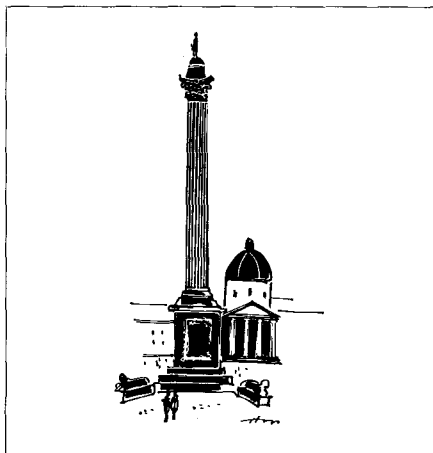
At Oxford he missed his cricketering Blue which must have been a disappointment, but he may have found some consolation in the Third that he got in his Finals. This may not sound very impressive, but his eccentric father was rusticated from Oxford for failing his examinations altogether, and by a most happy coincidence the same fate befell Sir Alec's son the week that he became Prime Minister. If Alec did not quite qualify for a fellowship of All Souls, at least he considerably improved on the family average.

As Lord Douglass (his honorary title in those days), he entered Parliament as member for Lanark. He lost his seat in the Labor landslide of 1945, but not before he had made a most effective protest against the Yalta agreement. It is said that the news of his defeat was brought by the family butler. The Earl and William and Alec were sitting quietly doing crosswords when the butler came in to announce

in a grievous tone, "Sir, he's lost." The Earl looked up from his crossword and asked rather testily, "Who's lost *what*?" When he was told, the three returned to their crosswords, giving the impression that they had almost forgotten that Alec had been standing for Parliament at all.

The quality of imperturbability became very evident when Sir Alec was Colonial Secretary. When he had to deal with the rodomontades of some bombastic African leader he would ask in a tone of mild interest why such wonderful people never got round to inventing the wheel or building a road. His official advisers were horrified, but Sir Alec has never seen the point of admiring the Emperor's New Clothes.

It was the same when he was Foreign Secretary. If he sprinkled his pinch of incense on the altar of the United Nations, he made it perfectly clear that it should be taken with a pinch of salt. He thought that the Afro-Asian bloc practiced a double



standard of moral judgment and were dangerously irresponsible. He believed that if the bloc continued to use the UN as an arena for political maneuvering they would quickly end what usefulness it might have. So he up and said so. Once again there were shudders of dismay and prophecies of doom, but no harm was done. In fact, it was the Foreign Secretary who was treating the Afro-Asians as equals by returning some small measure of the criticism they were busily meting out, while those who thought it rash and callous to say a word against them were treating them, in effect, like neurotic and unbalanced children who must on no account be crossed. It is reported that some of the Afro-

Asians saw the point and privately conceded it.

His appointment to the Foreign Office raised a storm, not least because it was widely held that it was an affront to that son of the soil, Nikita Khrushchev. It is not to be doubted that Sir Alec regarded and still regards Khrushchev as a blood-tinged murderer not to be trusted one inch, but Khrushchev is by no means the first of that kind that the Homes have had to deal with, and he found no difficulty at all. It is unthinkable that he should ever have got into the kind of hassle with Khrushchev that Richard Nixon did in Moscow. If Khrushchev had grabbed him by the arm he would have dusted down his sleeve and looked round for someone to take the boor away.

Harold Wilson's treatment of him is a good indication of his quality, for Wilson is no fool. He began by making his customary jeers at Eton and by jeering also at Home's ancient lineage, but he soon discovered that he was giving the impression that he was a class-conscious man with a marked inferiority complex. Wilson changed his tune and is now treading more warily. When Sir Alec said that he supposed that Harold Wilson must be the fourteenth Mr. Wilson he took a big trick with the public.

When he was first appointed Prime Minister, Socialists were gleefully confident that the expert parliamentary performer, Harold Wilson, would make mincemeat of him, particularly at Question Time.

They are having second thoughts about this, and with reason. Perhaps they did not realize that among the Prime Minister's collateral ancestors is the spiritualist Hume who was scarified by Browning in *Mr. Sludge the Medium*. There is no doubt that he was a fraud, but he was too clever for some of the most eminent scientists of the day. Hume does not appear on the family tree, because he was the natural son of the tenth earl, but still he is just as much of the clan as any legitimate member.

There is another and perhaps more immediate point. Although Sir Alec had an awkward style both as a batsman and a bowler, he was admitted to be a most smoothly efficient fielder. Perhaps Harold Wilson should remember that when it comes to Question Time.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Improvement in Basic Textbooks

Little drops of water do indeed wear away mountains, in the fullness of time. For twenty years, and especially during the past decade, school textbooks at every level have been exposed as boring, incompetent, and infected with ideology. But for lack of any substitutes, the dreary established manuals—especially at the basic level—have continued to be compulsory best-sellers.

At long last, nevertheless, some venturesome publishers are offering reformed textbooks, prepared on sound principles. I describe below a number of these early-spring flowers.

The Open Court Publishing Company (La Salle, Illinois) has just released the first two basic readers in a most promising series; others will be available not long after this article is published. In print, illustrations, and binding, the Open Court primers are at least the equal of the entrenched “progressive” readers. In content and approach, they are head and shoulders above the pabulum ordinarily poured upon our unfortunate little children.

For the editor of the Open Court series is Professor Arther S. Trace Jr., the author of *What Ivan Knows That Johnny Doesn't*. The books employ the commendable McQueen approach to phonics. And the readings selected offer something for reason and imagination.

In the first of these primers, *We Can Read*, Mrs. McQueen applies her phonics method in a fashion much more lively than the ludicrous “look-say” technique ever could be. The reader is accompanied by a workbook, story cards, and sound charts, so that even a teacher without any previous experience ought to be able

to teach five-year-olds to read, given a little good nature.

In the second volume of the series, Dr. Trace forthrightly introduces first-graders to folklore, fairy tale, verse, and simple modern stories. Mother Goose, Aesop, Vachel Lindsay, Christina Rossetti, Robert Louis Stevenson, Gelett Burgess, Leo Tolstoy (adapted), and the anonymous folk-tale tellers all are pressed into service to wake fancy and intellect. What a blessed contrast to the ponderous and ubiquitous antics of Dick and Jane!

In December, Open Court will publish readers for the second and third grades. May their tribe increase.

The new textbook division of Henry Regnery Company (14 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4) also is turning out some first-rate publications. One is *3R Approach to Phonetics: A Phonetic Reader* by Joseph N. Heath, principal of the 3R Schools of San Rafael, California—which I have praised before in this page. In fifty-six simple lessons, this manual enables the average teacher to apply the phonetic method. And (like the larger Open Court books), this series is much cheaper than most primary textbooks on the market.

Another Regnery publication is a paperback series of three vocabulary workbooks, *The Words You Use*—designed for seventh and eighth, ninth and tenth, and eleventh and twelfth grades. The exercises offer something for the mind.

Also, Mr. William B. Smeeth, a crusader for sound basic education (and now director of the Academy of Basic Education at Brookfield, Wisconsin), is editing for Regnery a series called “Elementary Studies of the English Language.” Two tall paperback volumes have been published: *Grammar and Orthography*, in two parts, by Mrs. Marjorie Kahl Lawrence. They are intended for the first and second years of study of English, in the sec-

ond or third, and third or fourth, grades. Mrs. Lawrence knows that children of this age aren't boobs—on the contrary, their curiosity is at its height, and their wits are sharp. She does not hesitate to instruct them formally in homonyms; contractions; parts of speech; declarative, interrogative and imperative sentences; letter writing; punctuation; prefixes and suffixes; syllables; and other matters of grammar, spelling and style which most youngsters don't encounter until junior high school—if then.

Mrs. Jocelyn D'Arkos, who for a decade has been proprietress and director of the astonishingly successful Stonecroft school in Michigan, has published a boxed series that would be most useful to any teacher, and even more so to parents who wish to correct or improve their children's performance in basic reading, writing and mathematics. This is *The Splendor of Learning*, including a big teachers' manual and exercise book, a tracing-booklet, and a box of supplementary materials. It is published by the Wildwood Publishing Company, Jackson, Michigan (\$20). Children are taught to form their own “success books” from completed exercises.

On quite a different level, the educational paperback house of Littlefield, Adams and Company (Paterson, New Jersey) has just published Mrs. Helen Sprietsma Wolf's *Spelling Essentials for College Students*. This is a shrewd and well-planned remedial manual of 161 pages, employing phonetic analysis (sound approach), structural analysis (meaning approach), and contextual analysis (use approach). The book even does me good: I know of no college student who would not benefit by having a copy, let alone the average collegian who never has been properly exposed to orthography in his primary and secondary schools.

All is not lost, ladies and gentlemen. Now that these textbooks—with others to follow—are on the market, school boards may begin to insist that such sound manuals supplant the present sorry domination of “progressive” claptrap; and parents have tools with which to improve their children at home.



Kirk

»BOOKS·ARTS·MANNERS«

Recipe for Republican Victory

JOHN G. TOWER

In *The Winning Side*, Ralph de Toledano, in few words, has written one of the most comprehensive and closely reasoned political commentaries of our time.

The book was off the press prior to the assassination of President Kennedy. De Toledano, therefore, presupposes a Goldwater-Kennedy battle for the Presidency in 1964 and his prognosis of the election is based on that supposition. In the wake of the tragic event, in which our President was struck down by a Marxist killer, many of the observations and prognostications of *The Winning Side* will have to be rethought. The basic thesis advanced by de Toledano is, however, still valid and the work still must be regarded as an important contribution to the argument for a Goldwater nomination by the Republican Party.

De Toledano skillfully develops the case for a Goldwater nomination by resorting to historical analogy. He notes that Republican victories have ordinarily been the result of Republican concentration on 1) the enunciation of Republican principles aimed at consensual American conservatism and 2) intensive organizational activity aimed at producing the maximum potential Republican vote. "Me-tooism" has generally proven disastrous to Republican Presidential efforts, although lone wolf opera-

The Winning Side, by Ralph de Toledano. Putnam, \$3.95

tors within the Republican Party, with large personal followings, may enjoy some success in pursuing the Liberal line.

Almost inevitably in a Presidential campaign, when Republicans have tried to appeal to the coalition of minority blocs and interest groups they have failed not only to cut substantially into Democratic strength, but have failed to muster the maximum voting potential of more tradition-minded Americans. De Toledano states the case graphically and succinctly: "No matter how much hopeful Republican candidates argued that they could serve up a better Democratic stew, the voters preferred to stay with the caterers who had originated the recipe."

The estimates of potential Republican strength that Goldwater could translate into electoral votes in the South and West are only slightly al-

tered by the emergence of a new Democrat standard bearer. De Toledano is eminently correct in asserting that there is a potential Republican strength in suburbia and that volunteer machinery must be perfected to get out the middle-class vote in urban areas which are substantially Republican. It is not necessary to carry the cities, but a substantial reduction in Republican losses and the development of the maximum potential vote in the rural and suburban areas would probably be the margin in a Presidential election.

The reviewer would take issue with de Toledano on his concession of various Northern and Northeastern industrial states to the Democrats. Such a concession seems a little premature. Basically, however, the de

Toledano thesis is sound. Indeed, it is virtually irrefutable. The momentum of the Goldwater movement within the Republican Party will be difficult to head off. Hardly anyone concedes Governor Rockefeller a chance for the nomination, and opposition to



Goldwater

Goldwater, at this late date, has not crystallized around any other prominent Republican.

Certainly, the intense loyalty and dedication to cause that Barry Goldwater inspires among grass-roots Republican workers would be the biggest plus factor in the Presidential election. It is the people who ring the doorbells, canvass the precincts, pass out literature, and implement all the proven campaign techniques, who must be considered. Demoralized, they would not put forth the maximum effort required for Republican victory. Given Barry Goldwater, they will produce the best grass-roots effort that the Republican Party has seen in generations. This fact is not erased by a change of leadership in the Democratic Party.

The expressed intent of President Johnson to pursue the policies of our late President would indicate that the basic issues in the 1964 campaign will remain the same and the lines must be clearly drawn. One cannot escape the conclusion that Barry Goldwater must be the Republican nominee in 1964.



Monsters, Butter-Pastry, Saltines

JOHN LEONARD

A COMMON TIE UNITES the stranger of the child, the creative artist, the classic eroticist and the murderer of fiction," writes Nelson Algren in the introduction to his anthology of *Lonesome Monsters*. He quotes Goethe—"I have never heard of a crime of which I am not myself capable"—and then asks us to love his monsters, for their crimes are human.

Very well. But the artist must *control* his monster. There's something self-indulgent about the uncritical embrace of horror, something sentimentalizing. Goethe, after all, didn't

Lonesome Monsters, Nelson Algren's Own Book. Geis, \$4.95

Old Red, by Caroline Gordon. Scribner, \$4.50

The Hat on the Bed, by John O'Hara. Random House, \$5.95

commit all the crimes he heard about—the mind must seek information, create value out of horrors, or it fails. The best stories in Algren's collection—by Bruce Jay Friedman, Thomas Pynchon, James Blake, Chandler Brossard and Joan Kerckhoff—do not embrace their monsters uncritically. Theirs are stories of "no contact," and they make a moral point. Friedman and Pynchon are brilliant writers already moving away from their early influences—Malamud and Nabokov, respectively. Blake and Miss Kerckhoff are not yet quite so stylistically accomplished, but their stories are stronger. Brossard is too obvious—with his *persona* and his suicide—but his scenes between husband and wife are superb.

If Algren intends us to take his introduction seriously, and he seems to, there are four stories that don't belong in this anthology—Algren's own contribution, the excellent "mammy-freak" chapter from *A Walk on the Wild Side*; George P. Elliott's minor masterpiece, "Among the Dangs"; Saul Bellow's "Address by Gooley MacDowell to the Has-

beens Club of Chicago"; and Brock Brower's "Peacetime"—good stories all, but not in the "monster" context.

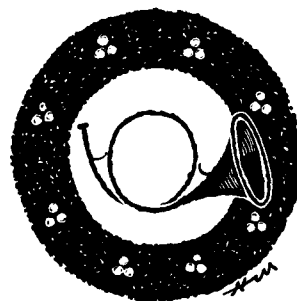
The remaining entries, while faithful to Algren's specifications, are severely flawed, because in none of them does the artist transcend his materials. Surprisingly, Joseph Heller's is the worst. But Terry Southern, James Leo Herlihy, Bernard Farbar, H.E.F. Donohue and Hughes Rudd fail in the same way—by being trapped in their own nightmare. The crucial difference between the poet and the neurotic, Lionel Trilling pointed out in "Freud and Literature," is that "the poet is in command of his fantasy, while it is exactly the mark of the neurotic that he is possessed by his fantasy." Heller, Southern, *et al.*, are possessed.

Caroline Gordon is not possessed. She is always in complete control, reworking her materials to achieve a dream-like quality of large, nebulous softness, of sustained tension never quite relieved. In *Old Red*, a collection of thirteen of her stories, she writes well of the small stealthy death, the squandered opportunity, the unconsummated caress, the unacknowledged desire or disguise or defeat. "Emmanuele, Emmanuele!"—an account of a French man-of-letters and his entourage in North Africa—is her best. Guillaume Fäy is modeled too obviously on Gide—the private demon, the pomegranate-colored gloves, the precious journals, the pronounced predilection for smoldering Arab boys—but it's excellent.

Most—too many—of her other stories concern the Maury family, a thick slice off the old loaf of Southern shabby gentility. Of these, only the title story "Old Red" seemed to me really satisfying. The others are the stuff of a novel, left irritatingly unresolved and out of focus. She is good at child-stories: mood-abused, flower-oppressed, fragmented, with a sort of lurching spasmodic sensibility. Her South rings true, full of cousins, terrors, bleeding leaves, spin-

sters, young men going away and old men staying, longings that hang on the branches of the trees like eels, waiting to die. If I have a complaint, it is that too many of her young men cry out or sob shudderingly over the beauties of nature; too many different people "laugh like a child"; too much, like the note of the bird in "Emmanuele," is "unbearably sweet."

What is there to say about John O'Hara? He writes of real people—with a perfect ear, a clever eye. The themes are there—loneliness, missed chance, the loss or diminishing of powers. Why is it then that he always sounds so much like the endlessly droning afternoon radio—that his conversation can be switched on and off at almost any point, that his stories might end anywhere, three paragraphs before or two pages after he actually decides to end them? There are a couple of good ones in this collection of twenty-four new O'Hara's—"Exterior: With Figure," "The Glendale People," "Friends of Miss Julia." But for the most part something is missing, has always been missing in O'Hara. He is one of the young men he is always send-



ing off to Yale, where they learn all about the secret societies and nothing about books or music, the young men who grow old never having been ravished by a new idea. His characters are not so much trapped as they are listless; his domestic tragedies are like carpets swept too often, beginning to show threadbare in too many spots; his world is drab and unthinking. And his prose—if Miss Gordon's prose is Viennese butter-pastry stuffed with prunes, then O'Hara's is a box of stale Saltines. It seems to me that, finally, O'Hara lacks the impulse of the artist—to give concrete form to an organizing perception. He has the talent, but not the perception: what's missing is intelligence.

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ego studio et cum (dicoo cum) ira aemulor,
sine (dico sine) ullo effectu, habet ille.
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Journalists 'Report' the Council

GARRY WILLS

OUR FRIENDS SEEM TO ME rather
to have made the fight at Rome
something of a game or a prize
fight." So Newman wrote to a cor-
respondent during the first Vatican
Council. Foremost of these friends
in Rome was, of course, Acton—
who prepared himself for the Coun-

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ert Blair Kaiser. Macmillan, \$4.95

Letters From Vatican City, by
Xavier Rynne. Farrar, \$3.95

cil by planning a raid on the Vati-
can Library. While one of the Gari-
baldian skirmishes was going on, he
tried to steal a document on Honor-
ius with which he could intimidate
those Council Fathers who meant to
vote for the definition of Papal In-
fallibility. Needless to say, he had
done a deeper and less spectacular
kind of preparation in his own li-
brary, and his dispatches from Rome,
incorporated into Döllinger's "Letters
of Quirinus," were for a long time
the most detailed and accurate pub-
lic report of what went on at the
Council. But the seal of secrecy,
which had not prevented the activi-
ties of "Quirinus," did keep his op-
ponents from correcting any errors
by quoting the official proceedings.

One would think that after ninety
years, even in Rome, the lesson of
Vatican I would have made its way
under enough mitres to prevent the
strict secrecy imposed on Vatican II's
first session, or even the modified se-
crecy of the current session. Journal-
ists have had to rely on their ingenuity
and (no doubt) imagination — though
none has had the initiative that Acton
showed. Though our polite age reg-
istered polite astonishment at the
spectacle of Bishops cheering and
jeering each other in their august
surroundings, the Council has been
a serene one so far. Even those who,
in the past, praised Councils as a
way of damning Popes, had to admit
that the two institutions have had
equally stormy histories. There have
been false Councils, like false Popes
(Basle, for instance) and bad Coun-
cils, like bad Popes (some of the au-
thors reviewed here would rank Vati-

can I with, say, Constance, as a bad
Council — which does not mean, of
course, that they think it an invalid
one).

By such standards, Vatican II,
though exciting and important, has
been a tame affair. The scandalous
theologian "Quirinus" has been re-
placed by the urbane journalist
"Xavier Rynne." The reporting has
been full and, outside of Italy, fairly
uniform. Taking the "Liberal" side,
most books (like these two) agree
on several things:

1) That secrecy is bad — except
when the secret is Xavier Rynne's
identity.

2) That an autocratic Papacy is
bad — except when the Pope inter-
vened on the Liberal side of the
Revelation controversy.

3) That the Roman Curia, in the
language of *Macbeth*,

*Doth cream and mantle like a
standing pond,
And doth a wilfull stillness
entertain.*

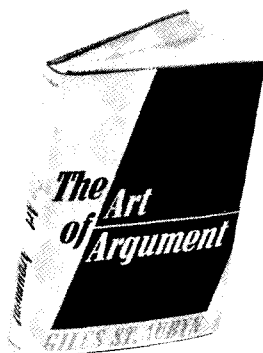
4) That, by contrast, Pope John
ran with the milk of human kindness.

Robert Kaiser writes for *Time* mag-
azine, and is not properly ashamed
of the fact. Undramatic announce-



ments have, in this book, "all the re-
sonance of a drift of rose petals fall-
ing on crushed velvet." Dramatic
ones rend the heavens. These frenzied
goings-on are given minimal unity
by the obsessive use of one image,
an image which might have held a
"cover story" together, but which
gets more than tedious after 265
pages. The metaphor is, of course,
that of Peter's bark. Once John
XXIII gets this boat out of the dry-

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dock where landlubber Popes have kept it for centuries, Cardinals get tangled in sheets and halyards; they stride the deck, are warned from the wheel, and (in the implicit fantasies of Mr. Kaiser) are shut in the brig. From the poop we watch the Russian observers arrive: "Could these bishops be the doves of peace? Could these be olive branches they were bearing from their homes across the dark-red sea?"

Mr. Kaiser has come to the conclusion that Pius XII's entire reign was a venture in triviality — worse, it was "authoritarian," "tragic," attuned to the Fascist Italy whose last stronghold is the Curia. Anything that happened prior to John is worthless at best. (*Osservatore Romano* is rebuked for "digging up some old quotations from *Quadragesimo Anno*.") But Pope John was the greatest thing since Social Security—a jolly peasant replacing the Pacelli Fascist who had "the inevitable limitations that restrict any small-town aristocrat." It is true that Pope John signed some bad documents praising Latin, but he was forced to by the heavy-lidded Cardinal Ottaviani. (Ottaviani has eye trouble, and a full page is given to the description of his sinister look.) The Council orations by "bad guys" are delivered with all the eye-rolling of a scene from Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible* — though these descriptions are apparently the result of clairvoyance, since Mr. Kaiser writes that, "despite rumors in Rome to the contrary, I did not attend the debates in St. Peter's." In fact, his narrative is slowed considerably by his impression that one of the most important men in Rome for the Council was Robert Kaiser. He tells us what he said, what he suspected (his suspicions are always confirmed later in the book), what he wired to his boss. As climax and conclusion, he gives us an hour-by-hour diary of what he did on the Council's last day. It is all in the "Dined-with-the-Prime-Minister-and-told-him-what-to-do-about-the-Crimea" vein.

We are told what Khrushchev confided to his intimates on reading *Mater et Magistra*. We know what everyone says and thinks (though we don't know how we know it). This easy way with unrecorded statements is matched by an astonishing carelessness with *documented* facts. Authors are misquoted. The events of history get jumbled. Mr. Kaiser dis-

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approves of Cardinal Felici, so he makes him the author of the most ridiculous dissertation he can remember or imagine (though Felici wrote on another, and far from silly, subject). He disapproves of Louis Veuillot, so he makes him the worst thing he can imagine, a Curial secretary (though not even Veuillot sank that low). One wonders what things Mr. Kaiser has foisted on his villains in areas where we cannot check his lurid account.

A thoroughly dispensable book—especially since the job had been done, and done so much better, in Xavier Rynne's reports to the *New Yorker*. These *Letters from the Vatican* were a great journalistic coup, and a fine conversation-stopper ("How many Father Murphys can dance on the head of a pen?"). They have the same slant on events as Kaiser's book, but we are spared the rolling seas and rolling eyeballs. They give incisive summaries of each speech delivered. Above all, they get

behind the "simple peasant" approach to Pope John. Even the Roncalli Pope's admirers tend to treat him as a kind of "holy fool." But — though he was not interested in ideas as such, and could be considered ideologically naive (like, for instance, de Gaulle) — he was a skilled handler of men, a born diplomat, a shrewd conveyor of his chosen "image" (again like de Gaulle, though the images could not have been more different). It is an art that only great men can practise; but it is an art, not mere artlessness.

There is a bit of the "morality play" even in the Rynne presentation of "Liberals" and "Conservatives" — but there is no doubt that his heroes are authentic ones: the peppery Melchite Patriarch Maximos IV, the German theologian-prelates, the American Bishops transcending the stereotype assigned them as the debates progressed, the scholars bustling about in the wings. The Actons at this council wear cassocks.

rejoice as they move from house to house, their cheery faces reflected in the mellow light of the front doors that open graciously to them.

IF ANY EUROPEAN TOURIST, beguiled by some of the fables our government travel bureaus have been concocting lately, believes that particular fable and thinks that he should come to Boston to experience *un véritable Noël, ein echtes amerikanisches Weihnachtsfest*, he will wake up to a sad Christmas day in the morning. I can think of few more dismal places for a stranger to be on Christmas Eve than Beacon Hill. There may be snow, and there will be candles in the long windows, some of them even tallow rather than electric. But the doors with their ornamental wreaths are barred to outsiders, in fact double-barred. There will be people all right, a great milling mob of them, blocking all the streets, choking Louisburg Square, outsiders to a man and fated to remain outside. Most of them seem to drift in from the anonymous suburbs. There is usually a platoon of Swiss bell-ringers from Medford. Occasionally a denser group coagulates and bellows out some well-worn carol with an off-tone zeal that makes one momentarily think the better of Mitch and his Millers. But most of the time they wander aimlessly about Beacon Hill, getting colder and colder, until the candles either burn down or are switched off. At this point they often decide it would be a nice warm idea to go to a midnight mass.

Before the Second World War I used to belong to St. John's, an old grey church on Beacon Hill, just behind the State House, that was run by the Episcopal monastic Society of St. John the Evangelist. It was and is a small, unfashionable, mission church. T. S. Eliot, when he was giving the Norton Lectures at Harvard, slipped in there Sunday mornings. There used to be a low mass on Christmas Eve for our modest congregation, that is there used to be until the carolers found us out in our quaintness and filled the church like a flock of noisy starlings. After two years of extraneous visitors, the Father Superior settled the matter by locking the church on Christmas Eve. There was still, it is true, a midnight mass at the monastery in Cambridge, but the carolers who continued to rattle

The Passing Scene

Good King Wenslus-slus

FRANCIS RUSSELL

JUST AFTER THANKSGIVING, as I walked through Woolworth's past the tinsel decorations, the words of *Good King Wenceslas* blared out over the store, sung with a nasal Mitch Miller heartiness that could shatter a glass. The insistent voices brought the glad tidings even into the rest rooms and the telephone booths. *King Wenceslas* was followed by another carol, as it would be by still another and another, all day, all week, all month. "How do you stand it?" I asked the girl from whom I bought a ball-point refill.

"Sometimes I don't see how I can," she answered softly, as if in gratitude at the question. Outside I knew there would be jingle bells on Tremont Street and round the corner someone from the Salvation Army playing *O Little Town of Bethlehem* on a trumpet. The herald angels would be at it again at Filene's. Everywhere I might go in the city I would be followed by these canned carols, repeated over a thousand public address systems, as if a maniac

were playing Christmas chopsticks. For decades now I have felt a tightening of my stomach muscles every time I hear the echo of a carol.

The trip-hammer of repetition killed the carols, but perhaps the primary difficulty has been that there are not really very many of them, not enough to fill up one LP record. Of course every once in a while somebody digs out a neglected carol that, brought to light, is soon run to earth. From my childhood I do not remember *The Holly and the Ivy* or *The Ten Days of Christmas*, but that seems a blessing now. Occasional esthetes, usually Episcopalian, try a new angle such as importing something from Corsica, but it is a self-defeating gesture.

Boston, they tell us, is the carol center of the United States—Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill, a few snowflakes powdering the old brick pavements, the windows of the gracious eighteenth-century façades glowing with candles, merry bands of carolers and bell-ringers making the world

the door of darkened St. John's never found out about it.

I wonder sometimes how carols must still sound to children who are hearing them for the first time, and if the old magic is for a time renewed. Thinking that, my mind goes back forty-five years to the third grade of the Martha Baker School in the Mat-tapan section of Dorchester, when it was still permitted children to sing carols in the public schools. There were only three grades in the Martha Baker School, and Miss Sykes, besides being the third grade teacher, was the school-mistress. Placed beside her indomitable grey-haired figure, the other teachers and their grades have become shadows. But she is as real



a presence to me as ever, standing on the platform under the American flag and blowing an authoritative blast on her harmonica to give us the pitch before we began to sing anything.

I realize now that what then went on at the Martha Baker School was flagrantly unconstitutional, and that Miss Sykes, who then symbolized extra-mural authority for me, should probably have been in prison. We began each day with a Bible selection, sitting at attention with hands folded while Miss Sykes read to us, usually from the Psalms. It wasn't a particularly religious rite. I don't even think Miss Sykes considered it as such. It was just a fitting, formal way to begin the day. One thing that daily reading did do for us, it exposed our deeper layers of consciousness, month by month, year by year, to the majestic cadences of the Authorized Version, the heritage of our tongue for which there is no substitute.

At this point we were merely accessories after the fact. Not until Advent did we become activists. But

then, at the same time we began to make red and green Christmas decorations for the windows, we commenced our carol singing. We sang one a day; our voices were shrill, and Miss Sykes didn't believe in overdoing things. The carols were the most familiar ones—*The First Nowell*, *Good King Wenceslas*, *Silent Night*, *We Three Kings of Orient Are*, *I Saw Three Ships*, *Star of Wonder*.

For some reason, perhaps because of its sonorously insistent cadence, the one that we called Good King Wenslus-slus was our favorite. The text is not particularly Christmasy, the Christ child is not even mentioned, but there was the quality of the winter solstice about it. The snow lay deep and crisp and even, and King Wenslus-slus, his iron crown of St. Stephen flashing in the cold moonlight, walked through the forest followed by his page, with his burden of flesh and wine and pinelogs. Brought up in an obscure suburb of Boston as little republicans, we knew nevertheless that in the more real world of fairy tale and legend, the world of King Wenslus-slus, only a king would do. A politician from City Hall with a Christmas basket for needy voting-age constituents might be practical, but it was no part of our story.

The last afternoon before Christmas recess we had a party in the third grade. Miss Sykes set up a small tree on the side table trimmed with the usual trimmings and with real candles. Instead of lessons we played games like Simon Says. Then Miss Sykes lighted the candles and we sang our complete carol repertoire, while Edmund MacDonald stood at the alert next to the tree with a pail of water. That tree with its flickering, flaming lights was part of the winter solstice feast, a branch of the great lighted tree that once glowed in the depths of the Teutoburg Forest. And our hearts and minds responded to the world of kings and forest and Christmas enchantment that had become real for us. Next year we would be grown-up fourth-graders at the big Tileston School. We would not sing King Wenslus-slus again here, as we were singing it now facing the blazing candles.

On our way out Miss Sykes wished us an unconstitutionally Merry Christmas and gave us each a cloth bag filled with hard candy.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE COUNTESS, by Hans Habe; translated by Catherine Hutter (Harcourt, \$5.95). Countess Maria Nikolaevna O'Rourke Tarnovska (1887-1917?) was Anna Karenina done up in a fright-wig, schooled by Rasputin and turned out in the pages of *Psychopathia Sexualis*. She was the antenna of her age and her kind in the artfulness with which she practised a variety of perversions and debaucheries, and she rounded out her private career by persuading one lover, with the aid of a second, to murder a third. Her public career centered in the courtroom: a long trial opening with a flurry of telegrams, obscene photographs and hypodermic needles disgorged from her luggage and closing with dark and perceptive announcements by several students of Sigmund Freud's New Science. Herr Habe has attempted to build a novel in the grand manner around this unlovely woman. He might have brought it off, if he had been less interested in arranging a series of set-piece orgies to prove that Fellini's *Via Veneto* was fifty years prefigured by Moscow's Tverskaya Boulevard (his comparison). R. BEMIS

DISARMAMENT: WEAPON OF CONQUEST, by Robert Morris (Bookmailer, \$3). Is Washington really working on a scheme to disarm the United States and establish world order under a UN possessing overwhelming military power? In this short primer Judge Morris sets forth the case for the affirmative, quoting large chunks of State Department Document 7277 ("The United States Program for General and Complete Disarmament in a Peaceful World"), analyzing the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and sketching the public development of disarmament rhetoric from sources such as the Rostow Memorandum. Relying on official documents and Congressional hearings, Morris gives a particularly valuable summary of Communist infiltration in the UN secretariat—a situation that should in itself be enough to wake up our sleeping idealists who are seized of the dangerous dream of peace while the enemy mines our battlements.

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To the Editor

Tasteless

You fail both miserably and unforgivably in your opening remark of the Dec. 17 issue upon the first two weeks of President Lyndon B. Johnson's Administration. The wasteful criticism and tastelessness implicit in your remark might, and hopefully will, in the minds of some, expose the obviously non-conservative and "hate-provoking" elements that contaminate portions of the conservative philosophy which . . . should be devoted to the eradication of irrationality and malevolence.

Your sin is tripled in its intensity in view of its immediately following the death of John F. Kennedy; an assassination spawned by individual irrationality, malevolence and tastelessness.

East Orange, N.J. ANTHONY JOHN WALTON

The Grace to Feel Sorry

The current NATIONAL REVIEW [Dec. 17] does us the service of mentioning Mr. Buckley's column on the Kennedy assassination, but deprives us of its text. I wish you-all would run it; I think it the best thing he has done—if not the best, certainly the shrewdest.

My own first reaction—might it also have been Mr. Buckley's?—was that Mr. Kennedy had been shot by some poor Bircher. I hope that, if he had been, my response would have been Mr. Buckley's saving recollection that guilt is personal.

But I should also like to say that, whatever my feelings about Madame Nhu, I am also a little ashamed to remember that I hadn't the grace to feel sorry about her husband and his brother but confined myself to the cold reflection that governments which come to power in this fashion are seldom sources of comfort to civilized nations. I thought about our response to those two murders when I read that the Chinese Communists had refused to be sorry about Mr. Kennedy. I do not mean that Mao Tse-tung, the Ngos, Mr. Kennedy and his putative assassins or our government and any other are in comparable categories; I only mean that the peculiarly personal sorrow we all feel these days should not distract

any of us from remembering the sorrows of those we did not like so much as we do Mrs. Kennedy, and from remembering that savagery, whether absurd as in the death of Mr. Kennedy or calculated as in the death of the Romanov family or the Ngos, is our enemy everywhere.

Washington, D.C. MURRAY KEMPTON

Their (the Liberals') Finest Hour

The Liberal Establishment has again proven that it is tough, and it can land on its feet. The shock of discovering that President Kennedy's assassin was a left-wing extremist must have been dreadful, but it hardly upset their timing. The Chief Justice gave the keynote in his eulogy when he spoke out against "hate groups." Walter Lippmann and Ralph McGill, and a host of lesser lights picked up the cue and came up with their own denunciations of hate and venom and peddlers of fear. No one could miss the implication. They were accusing a vague mish-mash of groups known as the "Right"—conservative Republicans, John Birchers, NATIONAL REVIEW readers, fascists, the DAR, the Ku Klux Klan—and all the other bigots and hate groups. These people are so hateful, so the Establishment line goes, that the hate can spill over onto others, even

a left winger, and go so far as to make him an assassin.

I wouldn't have thought that anyone, even the Liberal press, would have nerve enough to push such a line of reasoning. They are doing it, and seem to be getting away with it. Washington, D.C. WILLIAM C. BANNING

Whoa, There

I am rather appalled at the attitude of President Johnson, supposedly a shrewd and learned man in the field of politics. Since when has this country passed laws "in memoriam"? Let us build statues, write books, pay respect to the memory of the man we have lost, but the citadel of law is above this, and should remain untouched by emotions such as grief and sorrow. When human emotions cloud rational law-making processes, the time then has come for us to review our principles and ideals of government.

Salt Lake City, Utah JO ANNE SPARROW

NR on LBJ [Dec. 17]: "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby?"

Frank Meyer says you surely ain't, While James Kilpatrick shows restraint.

John Chamberlain's ambiguous, With here a minus, there a plus. I'm nervously inspecting the Opinion-makers on TV; I'm working up a nasty squint Digesting everything in print. But frankly, Lyndon, I still go For Barry AuH₂O.

New York, N.Y. W. H. VON DREELE

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"**A**t that time, a decree went forth from Caesar Augustus that a census of the whole world should be taken. This first census took place while Cyrenius was governor of Syria. And all were going, each to his own town, to register. And Joseph also went from Galilee out of the town of Nazareth into Judea to the town of David, which is called Bethlehem . . . because he was of the house and family of David . . . to register, together with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child. And it came to pass while they were there, that the days for her to be delivered were fulfilled. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

"**A**nd there were shepherds in the same district living in the field and keeping watch over their flock by night. And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by them and the glory of God shone round about them, and they feared exceedingly. And the angel said to them, 'Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which shall be to all people; for today in the town of David a Savior has been born to you, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you: you will find an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will.'"

Luke 2: 1-14

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TVA

If one is to judge the average Tennessean by the shouts of horror concerning Sen. Goldwater's proposed sale of TVA [Dec. 3], then it is a stunning indictment of how the federal dole can transform the character of a good, hard-working and self-reliant people into that of a craven group of professional moochers—and in only one generation.

Atlanta, Ga.

JOHN J. PILGER

Communism Means to Us . . .

While in New York recently I was amazed to see copies of *Life* and *Holiday* representing the Russian leaders as civic-minded men of goodwill. In Latin America, we have a quite different view of the Soviets. In Venezuela, the last year and a half of Communist activism produced the following record:

- 1) Killed or wounded in action with Communist city guerrillas, Caracas area only—365 cases.
- 2) Damage done by sabotage and fire in local private industry—300 cases, value: B\$ 33,000,000.00.
- 3) Burglary and assault to finance purchase of arms for the guerrillas—B\$ 2,500,000.00.

These statistics are incomplete since only absolutely proven cases registered in the Caracas metropolitan area are listed. Incidentally, most Latin American Communists (including those in Venezuela) are Peking-, not Moscow-, inspired. In the event of an agreement between the U.S. and Khrushchev, these local parties will not respond to orders from Moscow. The diplomatic sacrifices that would have to be made on our part for such an agreement would therefore go for nothing in practice.

GUILLERMO MACHADO MENDOZA

Caracas, Venezuela

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S TRANS-O-GRAM (Dec. 17, 1963)

Bellamy:

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

For The Record

Civil rights demonstrations, moderated during fall, on upsurge: could be way of testing President Johnson's determination to force passage of civil rights bill Some Negro leaders wondering whether they have taken correct stance on right-to-work. Many now arguing that passage of right-to-work laws would help break color bar in many craft unions.

Britain has cancelled last two aid projects in Indonesia where rupiah, as result of Sukarno's suspension of trade with Malaysia, has sunk in six weeks from 900 to 1,250 to the dollar BM (black market). Official rate: 45 to \$1 Sukarno (already known as "Great Leader of the Revolution," "Savior of the Nation," "Caretaker of the Message for the Suffering of the People") announces he will also, hereafter, be addressed as "Protector of the Nation." Cambodia's Prince Norodom Sihanouk, who last week barred Western newsmen from his fief, prefers to be addressed by the French feudal title of Monseigneur.

The authoritative Jane's All the World's Aircraft (out of Jane's Fighting Ships) says Soviet Union has lagged in air, space achievements in '63. The double space flight of a Soviet astronaut and astronette was a bust, according to Jane's; in addition the MiG 21s (to India) and IL-18s (to Ghana) have both developed kinks 1963 was year of major natural disasters with more than 10,000 persons dying in earthquakes (Yugoslavia, Columbia, Kashmir), burst dams (Italy), landslides (Nepal), hurricanes (Haiti, Cuba), volcanic eruptions (Indonesia). It was also year in which estimated 10 billion dollars were raised in United States for various charities; in which the average American was confronted by an estimated 1,500 sales messages a day (at annual advertising cost of \$13 billion); in which (a testimony to efficacy of SANE and other peace drives) National Biscuit Company reported zero sales of "survival ration crackers" as against

2.3 million a year earlier; in which France adopted first law in her history exempting conscientious objectors from military duty.

Brazilian weekly newsmagazine Facts and Fotos says if Pres. Goulart's leftissimo brother-in-law Leonel Brizola is appointed Minister of Treasury, he will: decree a moratorium on foreign debts "within hours" after taking office; institute state control of all foreign commerce; nationalize the pharmaceutical, milk, wheat and meat industries Brazil's inflation now so runaway that insurance policies have to be reissued every quarter for adequate property coverage.



Punch—Ben Roth Agency

"It contains health-giving vitamin Jim Smith."

Artificial Persian Lamb coats turned out by Russian factories for Christmas sale not going too well: seems they're so heavy only lady athletes are strong enough to wear them. . . . Growing in popularity with U.S. military attachés behind the Iron Curtain is Lloyds of London's relatively new PNG insurance policy: Lloyds pays off if an insured officer is declared PNG (persona non grata) by the host government before his term of duty is up.

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